



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 31 – Number 11

March 2014

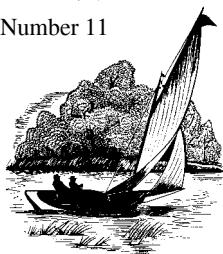
Special Features This Issue
Adventures in Greenland Paddling
So Long, So Small – Unlawful Entry
Duchess...A Poor Man's Yacht
Return of the Wee Pup – Keeping Comfortable and Safe



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

As I sat down to write this month's "Commentary" the "Final Issue" of *Sea Kayaker* magazine turned up in our mail. After 30 years dedicated to serving the sea kayaking community, *Sea Kayaker* is no more. No online version is being offered in its place. All unfulfilled subscriptions are to be fulfilled by *Adventure Kayaking*, a Canadian magazine devoted to sea kayak touring. This seems appropriate for *Sea Kayaker* has always been aimed at the serious committed sea kayaker population, more than at the casual day paddlers in their 10' rotomolded mass produced toys.

Sea Kayaker's founder, John Dowd, was a Washington State kayak dealer who, with several like minded dealers trying to establish the sport of sea touring in the early 1980s, determined to form a dealer association and subsequently commence publication of a journal devoted to that sport. The sport and business grew rapidly and eventually John turned the magazine over to others. In 1989 the present editor, Chris Cunningham, took over and now, after 25 years of devoted effort promoting the well being of sea kayaking, Chris has gotta go out and look for a job.

Chris goes on at some length in his final "Foredeck" column about what they had endeavored to do as *Sea Kayaker* grew with the sport and business. As the internet came on strong with all its free information, *Sea Kayaker* began to feel the financial pinch, a staff that topped out at nine was back to just six at closing time. *Sea Kayaker* remained dedicated to print media as the digital online onslaught took away those addicted to that form of communication. They did, in self defense, set up an online version for those so inclined. Chris commented on watching another sea kayaking magazine switch over to just online publication only to see it soon enough sink beneath the waves. *Sea Kayaker* has chosen not to go digital only.

A major issue emphasized in *Sea Kayaker* was safety. The safety articles in each issue discussed real life experiences of what can go wrong out there on the sea in such small boats. These were not just "adventure tales" of disasters (or near disasters) but were accompanied by lengthy discussions of what went wrong and how such situations can best

be avoided. For any aspiring sea touring paddler, these were vital educational pieces, with teachers drawn from the ranks of really experienced paddlers who had writing skills that could communicate what they had to say.

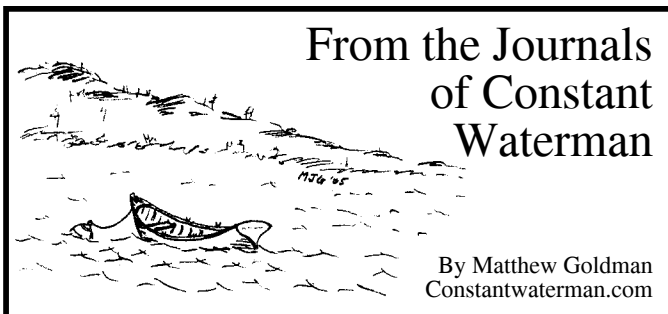
For those who contributed their hard earned experience this was a form of enlightened self interest, as every news story of a kayaker drowning or having to be rescued, often at great risk to rescuers, would increasingly attract the attention of the safety mavens always ready to clamp down on any activity they viewed (from their typically narrow viewpoint, in this case they didn't kayak) as dangerous to society. Sea kayaking did not have the commercial heft to fend off the "official regulation" that can be imposed on special interests by those who would tell us all how we should live our lives according to their lights.

Once these people came up with the rationale that almost anything anyone does that might be harmful to oneself (not to others) would cost society as whole for subsequent rescue, medical care and even loss of one's "productivity," no small special interest group was safe from their interference. Chris mentions that this emphasis on safety was not well received by those coming into the business to cash in on it, rather than to support and sustain it, not good for sales, scaring off potential paddlers. To its credit, *Sea Kayaker* did not bow to any pressure to knock off the safety stuff.

Well, of course, *Sea Kayaker's* demise hits close to home here, we too have been around 30 plus years and have also felt the erosion of readers and advertisers over the past dozen or so years. But I never chose to turn *MAIB* over to anyone else bringing in the outside money needed to fund the expansion of staff and overhead that growth required. We stayed small and happy with Jane and I working out of our home of now 58 years with daughter Roberta helping out from her own office doing what is called the "pre-press production" getting an issue into the format that today's printing requires. We see no imminent demise for what we are doing, it's too much fun and what income it does bring in keeps me from having to go out and look for a job!

On the Cover...

Reader James Flood acquired a derelict 14' Glass Slipper rowing boat a number of years ago and subsequently let his imagination run wild turning it into a "Poor Man's Yacht." He tells us all about it on pages 38 and 39 in this issue. He sure looks as if he's having a great time with it in our cover photo.



As I filled my water jug at the pier of Dutch Harbor Boat Yard, the rain began. I quickly kayaked back to *MoonWind* nearly in time to avoid being totally melted. I used my fresh water to brew myself coffee and tuned in the weather channel. "Ten knots at *MoonWind*," droned the announcer. "Ten to twenty tonight, gusting to thirty. Better move that little boat, lad. I don't like the look of those rocks." For once I agreed with him. I looked at the jutting rocks by the shore, a scant hundred feet astern, and thought what a rotten headache I'd have if my anchor decided to drag at 2am.

I considered my options. Take out the kayak and kedge a second anchor. It was getting choppy for that. Let out my entire rode and motor to its extent and set a second anchor. Haul my anchor and motor somewhere else: perhaps pick up one of several vacant moorings nearby. Lastly: embrace the second anchor tightly, climb with it into my nice, warm bunk and hide beneath the covers.

I opted to move. The only danger was hauling the last few yards of chain that would send poor *MoonWind* surging toward shore before I had time to make it back to the helm. I decided to run my roding back to the cockpit. It was time to take action before the wind grew worse. I donned my foul weather gear, my safety harness, my life jacket, my morion, my cuirass, my vambraces, and greaves. I girt my trusty boat-hook about my loins and went forth to win the day.

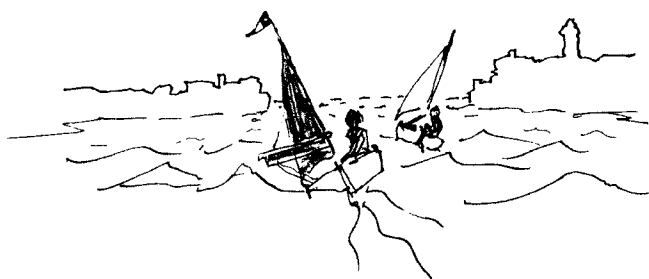
I idled the motor in forward gear and hauled my rode laboriously, coiling it neatly for emergency deployment. As soon as the anchor appeared at the surface, I belayed the rode and reached for the throttle. Too late! The wind was swinging my bow around to the beach. I shoved the helm over, encouraging her to complete the turn, and gave her full throttle. *MoonWind* slewed round in a circle so close to the rocks I could hear the periwinkles whisper to one another. There was only a cupful of water beneath my keel. I didn't exhale until I'd scrambled a hundred yards offshore. A quarter mile ahead I captured a sturdy mooring.

I adjusted its chafing gear, added more of my own, stowed my rode and anchor and chain, and went below to dry off. The rain took care of sluicing the mud from my deck. I felt reassured and treated myself to lunch. The rain sheeted down for a while and then relented. Ominous thunder came and then departed. The sky nearly opened; then closed and glowered and wept. I wrote in my journal and read and ate, and then did it all again.

Tomorrow I depart to return to Noank. I haven't sailed *MoonWind* for three days, but tomorrow there will be wind enough to spare. It's thirty-two miles by rhumb line, but the wind will blow out of the west, my destination. I may have to battle for forty or fifty miles to make it back, and the tide will ebb against me. My breakfast may grow cold before I get home.

It hasn't been a momentous week, so far. The weather's been fair, I've been ashore, I've played in my yellow kayak. The coffee and food and service on this yacht have been exemplary. What little entertainment there was sufficed. Although the steward was sometime toused he refrained from being grumpy. The choice of reading material satisfied me. The bed supported my antique back; the pillow was stuffed with down from contented geese. The radio station played my favorite music.

One of these days I'll bring the whole lot of you with me. Then the world will be peaceable once more.



"Arethusa"
N.G. Herreshoff designed Buzzards Bay 25



"Edith"
L.F. Herreshoff designed Rozinante



"Olympus"
Dick Newick designed for the 1980
singlehanded Transatlantic

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Activities & Experiences...



WoodenBoat School is Here Again

There's always lots going on here at WoodenBoat School, with much to experience and learn for the beginner to the very experienced. Classes are small and intimate, allowing each student the opportunity to receive plenty of personalized attention. And our students are as diverse and friendly a bunch as you could imagine all ages and from all walks of life, with all levels of woodworking, boat-building, and boating experience.

You have the opportunity to live, explore, sail, relax, practice, and work alongside skilled professionals who are more than willing to share their expertise with you. Our beautiful 64-acre "saltwater campus" located on the coast of Maine, adds to the magic of the entire experience.

I think the following quote from a student who joined us for the first time this past season says it all:

"WoodenBoat School is truly an amazing place run with pride, experience, and care in every aspect. You have created a spirit of community comprised of people from near and far. Your instructors are all top notch. Thank you for welcoming me into such a fascinating world. Thanks for arming me with knowledge, some experience, new skills, and now, deep respect for the world of wooden boats. This has been a wonderful time in a beautiful place with fascinating people. Thank you!" R.F., Dallas, Texas

So, come join us. Go it alone or bring a spouse, a partner, a friend, or your family if you wish. It's an easy place to settle in, relax, live in comfortable surroundings, eat well, make new friends, and have one of the best times of your life. Questions? Just get in touch and we'll be glad to answer them.

Rich Hilsinger Director, 2014 WoodenBoat School, Brooklin, ME, www.woodenboat.com

Adventures & Experiences...

So Bloody Young!

My friend Ray sent these pix of us sailing our Comet, scanned into the PC from 8mm movie film, no less. Can't recoup the picture quality from 8mm film! But here's the little Comet. I don't even remember who took the footage. I look so bloody young... but ah, what fun!

Hermann Gucinski, Fairview, NC



Winter Backyard in AlmostCanada

We've had the first real big snowstorm in several years in early January. We didn't get as much as other areas, several feet in some places, and most everything was shut down for a day and a half. The weather channel made much more out of it than what it really was. Close to the end of the world to hear them tell it. It was the 40-55mph winds blowing the snow around that was the biggest problem. Got a day off work to sit back and relax a little. Blizzards aren't all bad.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY



Information of Interest...

December Cover Photo

I was so intrigued by the cover picture of the three Star class sailboats doing a peculiar ballet around the windward mark, that I spent some time poking about the Star Class Association website. I figured that a picture like that surely must live in the institutional memory, somewhere. Here is the picture as printed from the website, along with the caption. I must thank Melinda Berge, webmaster and editor, and David Bolles, former Class historian, for actually locating the picture.

Some additional information: The Bacardi Cup races have been sailed off Miami in the spring since 1962, and had been held in Cuba from 1927 to 1957. I think they were originally for the Star Class boats, but now include other classes as well. I surmise that the buoy seen in the midst of the confusion was the windward mark, and that the masts got hooked up when the left and right hand boats converged on opposite tacks, with their crews not keeping a good lookout under the low riding booms.

David Cater, Houston, TX



At the 1963 Bacardi Cup Frank Zagarino caught an interesting scene. When Dr. Fred Jabetzki, left, and Bert Williams, right, hooked masts, "Dangerous" Dan Hubers was obliging enough to charge between them, releasing the pair with damage but no broken sticks. Despite the damage all three boats managed to finish the race. Incidentally, "Dangerous Dan" didn't plan it that way ... it was just all in a day's Star sailing. Notice that it doesn't seem that anyone is looking up to see if there is a problem.

Build a *Pride of Baltimore II* Half-hull Model

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's (CBMM) Model Guild in St. Michaels, MD will host a two-day, model-building workshop from 9am to 5pm on Saturday, March 29 and Sunday, March 30. Participants will create a half-hull model of the *Pride of Baltimore II*. Band sawed from a block and carved to the rounded shape of the *Pride's* hull, the half-hull model is then mounted on a baseboard to form a fine wall display piece.

The Model Guild welcomes anyone 12 years of age or older to take these classes, and encourages new members of all skill levels to participate in the Guild, use its facilities, and share their model-building experiences with CBMM visitors.

The cost for the two-day workshop is \$80 for CBMM members and \$95 for non-members, with all tools and materials supplied. Call (410) 745-4941 to register for the class or (410) 745-3266 for more information about the Model Guild. Space is limited, with pre-registration required by Monday, March 24.



Information Wanted...

Atkin Design #688

This year is *WoodenBoat's* 40th year. John Atkin had a design in WB Vol. 1 - No. 1 and I thought it might be interesting to see if anyone knows anything about the history of the boat since! The boat is a modified friendship sloop designed in 1951, Atkin #688. It was designed for Zenas Hart and built by Ed Speer in Black Rock, CT. It's a rather long shot, but there are Atkin boats all over the world older than that!

Pat Atkin, Noroton, CT, APatkin@aol.com

Projects...

For Cartoppers...

It's not as common as it was in the past, but some folks still cartop their boats. We have a travel trailer which necessitates we cartop the cedar strip Sportboat I built. That way, when we go camping, we can bring our camper and a boat. On the road, we see lots of plastic kayaks and the occasional canoe being cartopped. There is a sort of unwritten rule that boats up to 100lbs can be cartopped. I have a rack on my pickup truck that can carry outboard motors as well as a boat.

Working at a school, I had the students weld up an old metal bed frame into a rack. This rack has served me well over the past 20+ years. A few years ago, I added rollers to the back of the rack. This makes it easier for me to load and unload my boat. I simply lean the boat up against the rollers and roll it up. Since the rollers are neoprene, it provides a somewhat cushioned carrying surface. The rollers are from an old boat trailer and these happen to be 12" wide. They have a 1/2" core. A solid aluminum rod attaches to the welded angle brackets on the rack. If we do cartop, this makes the loading and unloading easier for us.

Henry Champagny, Greenback, TN

Winter at the Buffalo Maritime Center buffalomaritimecenter.com

Work is crazy busy. In early January we started getting our machine shop together. We have a Bridgeport milling machine, three metal lathes, a surface grinder, power hacksaw, small metal chop saw, a 10 ton arbor press, a universal precision multi grinder, two serious drill presses, and some other stuff, all donated and all in great condition.

We're still waiting on some pretty big grants that will let us fix up the outside of the building, and do some work on the inside as well. Still getting stuff together for the bronze foundry but are hoping that will happen shortly after the New Year. We're closer to getting the contract to build the 65' Erie Canal Packet Boat and I have a 21' cat ketch that I'm lofting up. We've got a 23' No Mans Land double ender that we're doing a cold molding job on and a kayak going together in the main shop. We also have the 30' Bristol Channel cutter hull that is slowly being turned into a War of 1812 Sloop of War replica.

We've got nine kids from a local charter school in building three little flatiron skiffs two days a week for two hours each day. Great kids too. I've also just finished up a project where we had twenty kids for three solid weeks from the local trade school doing demolition and rebuilding for our office area. Really great hard working kids and they did a great job on the insulation (lots of insulation) and drywall.

The model shop is coming along and the Antique and Classic Boat Society folks have moved all thirteen of their boat restoration projects into our middle shop, everything from Chris Craft runabouts to a 38' cabin cruiser called a Liggett that was built in the '20s.

Crazy busy as I said!

Roger Allen, Buffalo NY

Winter is for Building

Last year I completed a John Welsford Scamp, so far it exceeds expectations. This year's project is just beginning, a skin-on-frame Whitehall rowboat. Here in Colorado summer is for boating, winter is for building.

Paul Breeding, Broomfield, CO

They Taught the Governor

I'm having great fun watching people of all ages learning traditional small craft skills, especially the disadvantaged youth. Here at the Center for Wooden Boats we had a summer program for teenagers who were still in high school but didn't have a chance to go to college nor even get a job due to failures in math, science and technology.

Their project was to build a dory. I told the group that the Governor was coming to the launching when they had completed the dory. When the Governor stepped into our boat shop it has been washed down by these kids to as new condition and they had set up a blackboard. One of them who had hardly spoken a word all summer offered the Governor a chair and explained lofting with sketches. It was the clearest talk I have ever heard on lofting.

The Governor sat through the talk and then the kids carried the dory out and launched it. It floated like a swan. The CWB staff had planned only the launching, the kids figured out the ship-shape shop and the talk. Those kids who had come to us as lost causes had learned how smart they were in solving complex problems. They taught the Governor!

Dick Wagner, Founder, The Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA

When I'm not Driving My Truck...

When I'm not driving my Kenworth T-800 Michigan Special trailer truck tractor (see photo, we haul other companies' trailers full of wood chips) for my one-man (me)

trucking company (Flying Dutchman Truck Lines, see photo) around Michigan's Upper and Lower peninsulas, I get in a bit of backyard boatbuilding.

The first photo is a Phil Bolger 19' Stretched Dory to be used for beach camping around the Great Lakes. Except for seats, oars, flotation and some paint it's about ready to go.

The other two photos are of a Phil Bolger Sweet Pea meant only for rowing. I wanted to give it to my daughter for her wedding last year as this was what she wanted. I thought I had raised her better than that! But many things were put on the back burner when we bought the truck so maybe it will be a 1st Anniversary present this coming summer. She still doesn't know about it so it can still be a surprise.

Jon DeGroot, Davison, MI



In Memoriam...

Harold Balcom

Harold Balcom passed away on Christmas Day late in the afternoon after dealing with it for too long. He was 95 with a long history among the Florida sailing fraternity.

The Tampa Sailing Squadron has existed as a chartered not-for-profit organization for over 25 years, but the roots of the club go back into the 1920s. Harold was the first Commodore of the club and recalls it existed back in the early 1930s as one of several groups of young boys who sailed boats off the Bayshore Boulevard area. The Squadron at that time was centered around the Tampa Yacht and Country Club. Its membership of young boys was loose and interchangeable with other kids from the Newport Navy, a Barcelona Avenue group and a Rome Avenue Club.

Harold recalled that the club was at one time known as the "Sand Pit Yacht Club". It was named after a pile of sand and shell located on the bay side of the Gandy Boulevard and Bayshore Boulevard intersection. The kids tied up their boats in a small canal and played on the sand pile.

Panacea was custom designed by Charley Morgan and built by Morgan Yacht for drugstore magnate Jack Eckerd of Clearwater, Florida. Originally Jack had not intended to race, which was a bit disappointing to all at Morgan Yacht. However that all changed when noted local sailor, Harold Balcom, was recommended for the post of Captain. It didn't take Harold long to conscript the "best of the best" for crew and afterguard for *Panacea* and plan a racing campaign. And race they did with Eckerd in the post of navigator they proceeded to knock off a series of wins that made all sit up and take notice.

The First Annual Good Old Boats Regatta took place in 2010. Boats came from all over the west coast of Florida by trailer and tow. A Fish Class boat, once popular in Tampa Bay from the 1920s to the 1960s, was towed over from Apollo Beach with 92-year-old skipper Harold Balcom representing the Tampa Sailing Squadron.

Harold Balcom was a big influence on the sailing community in Florida and the Tampa Bay area. I met my Helen Marie at his Tampa Sailing Squadron in 1973. Hope you find a good crew on this trip Harold.

Dave Lucas, Bradenton, FL



Harold Balcom, Charlie Morgan and me last year. Just imagine all of the experience these two guys have between them. Crazy Steve says that the best day of his life was when this bunch of "old guys" called us a "bunch of low life bottom feeding scum bags who couldn't sail our way out of a wet paper bag", or something like that.

This Magazine...

Not Easy to Subscribe

I respect your membership in the Curmudgeonly Boat Guy pantheon. I come from a long line of beloved curmudgeonly boat guys. My dear brother, for whom I get a subscription every year, is a curmudgeonly boat guy.

However, you certainly don't make it easy for me to get poor Dan his subscription. I don't have checks. No one I know still uses paper checks, not even my 94 year old friend. We all use electronic checks. So, as usual, I am not enclosing a check because I have no check to enclose. It will come by separate post, and with any luck, will include Dan's name and the date his subscription expires on it.

Many people these days use Paypal for credit card payments. It's easy to set up an account. They send you a statement each month. You can send out invoices. Payment is almost instantaneous: no checks to keep track of and deposit. You can tack their fee onto your subscription cost. And the person paying doesn't need to have an account they can just use their credit card. True, this is

newfangled and not hand made out of wood.

You may prefer to continue to make life difficult for subscribers, being a card carrying curmudgeonly boat guy, which I do respect. Best wishes for the new year.

Nina Pratt, Providence, RI

Editor Comments: Well, we do receive about 3,000 checks a year so there appears to be other curmudgeonly boat guys still active

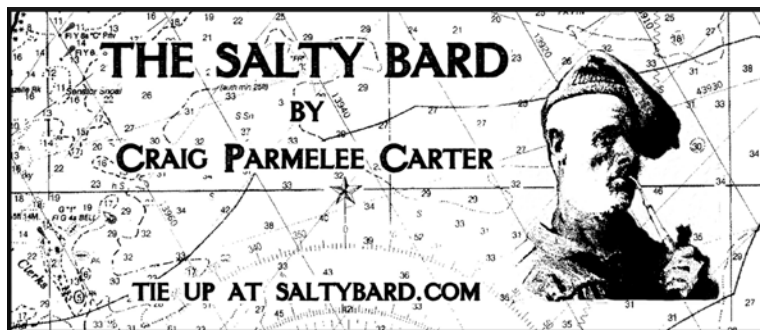
Seriously Provoked

While I've fantasized about building a boat myself, I've never gotten around to it. I have, however, been seriously provoked by a really neat magazine, *Messing About in Boats*, which Dr. Fred Kemp was kind enough to give us a subscription to. Its 60 black-and-white pages are chock full of sto-

ries about building unlikely watercraft and sailing them on adventures. It covers boats powered by sails, motors, paddles and oars, with stories about building techniques, history, travel journals, boating etiquette and trailers. While most of the boats are built of wood, it doesn't ignore birch bark, paper or fiberglass. It's a busy magazine in terms of design as well as content and a great catalyst for making plans, practical or otherwise, for next summer.

Reggie McLeod, Editor/Publisher, *Big River Magazine*, Winona MN, www.BigRiverMagazine.com

Editor Comments: This was part of Reggie's "From the Riverbank" column in his January/February 2014 issue. We are pleased to learn his views on what we do. The "Big River" is the Mississippi.



Breakfast With Bowditch

Part I

I lay in bed on a winter's night awakened from a dream,
I shouldn't have paid much mind to this, things are never as they seem,
I'd dreamed we'd sailed for Halifax on the vernal equinox,
Lost our way in a winter storm and smashed upon the rocks.

I really was quite shaken so I went downstairs for tea,
and found a sailor at the table staring up at me.
I said, "who are you and from where've you come?" and he took off his hat.
"My name's Nathaniel Bowditch, mate, but you can call me Nat."

Perhaps I was still dreaming but felt weakness in my knees.
At my kitchen table - the greatest navigator of the seas.
I said, "I'm very pleased to meet you, I hold your work in high regard."
"As I do yours," he said with a smile, "For you're the Salty Bard."

He stood up as we shook hands, said, "I'd hoped you were in port."
I didn't know quite what to say, surprised he was so short.
I said we'd sailed from Halifax, last night we'd made the docks.
Didn't mention that I'd had a dream of foundering on the rocks.

"I wish that was the truth," he said, "fact is, it couldn't be.
When you and I know that it's true - your ship was lost at sea."
Now I was dumfounded, for as crazy as it seems,
this little man who sat before me claimed to know my dreams!

I questioned how he knew this, it was more than I could bare.
He grinned and answered with a laugh, "I know cause I was there!
And that is why I've travelled here, quite frankly I'm concerned.
When you lose your ship at sea, dear friend, there're lessons to be learned."

"So pull up a chair and sit you down, it's time that we should start."
He swept aside the table settings and then unrolled a chart.
He scribbled down mathematics as he plotted out a course,
When he finally set down the pencil, the chart was a tour de force.

He pointed to some l.o.p's, intersecting in a fix,
Then he said, "Your ship was here when it landed on the bricks."
The early hour didn't impede him, he was clearly in fine fettle.
I thought it best to heed him and I fired up the kettle.

To be continued...

Let the Best Boat Win:

The Story of America's Greatest
Yacht Designer

Nathanael Green Herreshoff

By Constance Buel Burnett
1957 – Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston

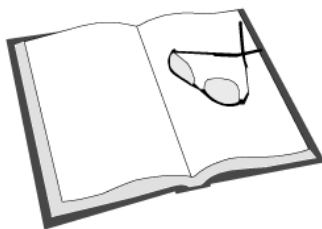
Reviewed by John Nystrom

If the title wasn't a giveaway that *MAIB*'ers would have an interest in this long out of print volume, the book's dedication is to a whole class of boats. "This book is dedicated to the smallest of Captain Nat's great fleet The Herreshoff 12½ footer." The author lets slip later that she owns a Herreshoff 12½. Who would have guessed?

Though several books have referenced the life of Nathanael G. Herreshoff, the Herreshoff Museum tells me that there have only been two actual biographies written of arguably the most famous boat designer in history, after Noah. In 1953 NGH's own son, L. Francis Herreshoff, wrote *The Wizard of Bristol*, and in 1957 Burnett wrote *Let the Best Boat Win*. LFH, no slacker as far as designing watercraft either, is also the author of the classic, *The Complete Cruiser*, among other well-loved books. *The Wizard of Bristol* has been reprinted several times, the latest 2009, but *Let the Best Boat Win*, as far as I can determine, has never been reprinted. My copy came in a box of boat related items culled by a librarian friend, but I found several copies at modest prices on Amazon and other used book outlets online.

This biography is of neither the ancient nor the modern fashion. Ancient biographies tended to be of a style referred to as hagiography, where the subject, often a saint, was idealized and distorted out of any recognizable human shape. Modern biography, it seems, now requires the exact opposite force, either demonizing the subject, or deciding, through some theory that can charitably be called "the current academic fad" (often Marxist, feminist, or deconstructionist, though many equally foolish options are out there), that the subject personality demonstrates all of the biographer's prejudices in a prototype form. Burnett takes a route that is no longer in fashion, in that, though she is admiring and affectionate with her subject, she attempts to place him and understand him in his own context and environment. NGH is seen both his own time and place in history, but also his effect on subsequent history.

The Herreshoff family figures prominently in the story, especially early in the book, but also throughout (the large Herreshoff clan produced more than a fair share of interesting characters, both famous and not). As such, we learn a great deal about NGH's brother and business partner, John Brown Herreshoff. JBH, already developing a reputation as a boat builder as a teenager, was blinded in an accident at age 15. John went on to open his own boatyard. After school at MIT and gaining no small fame at designing and engineering steam engines, NGH joined his brother John in the partnership that would bring the Herreshoff name to international fame. John's incredible business, management, and people skills allowed Captain Nat to be freer in his pursuit of design and engi-



Book Reviews

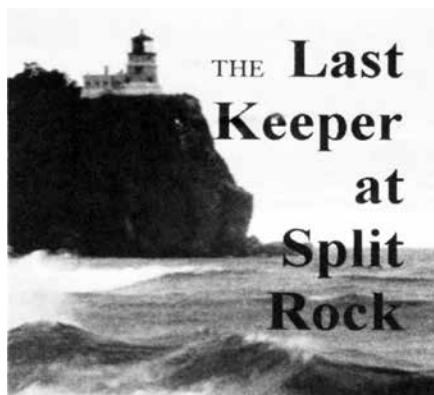
neering excellence.

The famous and fabulous boats that came from the Herreshoff yard figure in the story, of course; though other books have been published on Herreshoff boats, often with much greater technical detail, none seem to cover the full range of NGH's work, over his lifetime, as well. The America's Cup racers don't overshadow the excellence of the rest of NGH's work, including the steam yachts. The book is without photographs, but is illustrated by John O'Hare Cosgrave II, one of the best known painters of nautical themes of that day.

As I said before, LFH's biography on his father has stayed in print, for good reason. Until a publisher of older boating books decides to reissue *Let the Best Boat Win*, your best bet to read this enjoyable book is through a local library, interlibrary loan (if not in your local library), or used book sources.

Last Keeper at Split Rock

By Mike Roberts
Reviewed by Mississippi Bob



Here in Minnesota folks love the North Shore of Lake Superior. The shore begins at Duluth 3 hours north on RT.135 from the twin cities. Minnesota's part of the North Shore ends at the Canadian border at the Pigeon River. One of the most visited spots along the shore is the Split Rock State Park.


It wasn't always a state park, just a few years back it was a Coast Guard lighthouse. The guys who manned this light had to be married as the Coast Guard considered it isolated duty and they wanted guys who could feel at home there. Before Loran and GPS and all those newfangled navigation aids the lighthouses were a very important part of the system that kept ships off the rocks.

The Coast Guard has been closing most of the lights in recent years and Split Rock got the axe. The last keeper, Mike Roberts,

wrote a book describing his Coast Guard career. I read the book and since then I have got to know Mike. Mike has been very active promoting Coast Guard reunions here in the midwest and I have been working with him helping in any way that I can.

Mike describes Boot Camp at Cape May and the tells about his other duties in the ninth district, the Great Lakes. He was a married seaman stationed at the Duluth base when they needed a married seaman to fill the billet at the light. Guess where he went next. He describes life at the light quite well and gets into the shutdown of the light. Split Rock was not abandoned like so many other lights. When Mike left he turned the keys over to the Minnesota State Parks and they have made a very popular tourist stop there. I won't go into all the details in the book but for anyone at all interested in the Coast Guard, this book is a must to read. I would recommend it to anyone.

To get details on finding this book contact Mike at: mike.roberts41@gmail.com



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In the summer of 2005, I decided to take my folding kayak, my camping gear, food and clothes for a month and spend August in the fjords of Upernavik, Greenland. This time I would paddle across the Upernavik Isfjord at some point in my travels, a crossing I feared because of its numerous, sometimes unstable and fast moving icebergs.

The shortest crossing distance was about four or five miles but the icebergs were marching back and forth each to their self appointed destination. Each iceberg has its own personality. Some of them are very stable, especially the tabular or smooth flat topped bergs. However I could never know when one of these might decide to make a loud sound like thunder as it dropped a huge chunk of ice into the water sending out a steep sided, fast moving wave anywhere within range.

Other bergs are even more threatening because they are of unstable slab sided construction riddled with slabs of dirt interspersed throughout. These bergs can suddenly disintegrate sending out even larger waves along with a load of new chunks of ice. I knew that I had to ask about how to handle these threats in my little kayak. Even motorboaters, as fast as their motorboats might be, give these sawtoothed topped icebergs a wide berth to avoid such encounters from their unpredictability.

With all this on my mind this time I was quite anxious about my once again undertaking another solo kayak expedition. However I just could not say no to another trip but this time I planned a different strategy. I brought a satellite telephone so that I could actually communicate should the need arise and I made arrangements to have myself transported by motorboat across the Upernavik Isfjord to a camp site rather than set out from Upernavik in my kayak. I was very nervous, maybe my age had caught up with me as I was now 59, but who knows, all I knew was that I was anxious.

I had the good fortune of booking my flights completely through with no overnights enroute. I began by flying across the Atlantic, Newark to Copenhagen via SAS. I choose this route via SAS because I had 150lbs of luggage divided into five fabric bags. I would be self-sufficient for a month aside from water. In preparation for the physical demands of this adventure I undertook to do Pilates exercises to give me better strength and flexibility. For my back I slept on the floor on a self-inflating Therm-a-rest mattress. This has kept most of my back problems under control as well as keeping me adjusted to sleeping on the ground.

A couple weeks before I left for to Upernavik I telephoned every possible friend in town I could think of. I vainly tried to get a room in anybody's house to stay for a cou-

Adventures in Greenland Paddling

A Visit to Upernavik, Greenland Paddling on the Edges of and Crossing Upernavik Icefjord

By Gail Ferris
Gaileferris@hotmail.com

ple of days while I would be making final arrangements for my kayak travels in the fjords. As it happens, in July and August anyone in Upernavik who can go out visiting and traveling before school restarts, just as I was. As I expected none of my friends were going to be around. I was stuck thinking that I would have to rough it by camping near the helicopter airport, dealing with all of that luggage and have to walk a long distance across town to visit the Museum.

I happened to mention my problem to Bo Albrechtsen, the Upernavik Museum director. He told me that the museum had now set aside B-98 as a travelers hostel. I was welcome to a room for 300 Danish kroner a night. What heaven, I thought to myself. This house B-98 I had fond memories of because it had been beautifully restored since I started visiting Upernavik in 1992. I was deeply pleased to see that it was still in the same beautiful condition as when I last saw it in 1999.

My greatest anxiety had been that drive to DWR, Newark Airport, because all too often there can be some sort of traffic problem enroute. All went perfectly and my driver drove me in his pickup truck with my excess luggage in the back just fine. I did not feel confident in using regular passenger transportation to Newark Airport because they do

not necessarily want to cope with such physically demanding numerous heavy bags (my kayak!). I never felt so sure that we would get to the airport without some sort of problem because they make so many pickup stops on the way.

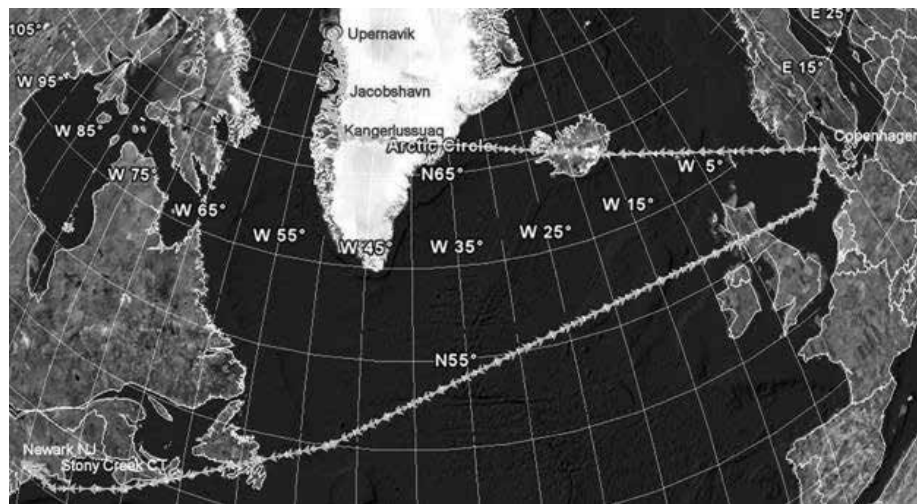
Missing the first flight is not an option because the connecting flights are much more difficult to access because of their more limited scheduling and heavy passenger loads. To further add complexity to this sort of travel, just add a little foul weather into the picture like a wind storm or fog in Upernavik forcing a shutdown in air service for that flight.

By sheer luck I learned that my neighbor is a professional driver who could take me with my awkward heavy fabric luggage bags in his pickup truck to the airport. We had a grand time chatting on our way I so appreciated his mature judgment and skill at getting me to the airport in plenty of time. Leaving my house Friday before noon I arrived in plenty of time at Newark and flew overnight to Copenhagen, Denmark.

My second flight was on Saturday morning, Copenhagen time, to Sønderstrøm/Kangerlussuaq, Greenland. The third flight was to Jacobshavn/Ilulissat and the final fourth flight to Upernavik. Midsummer weather happened this time to be perfect and all my flights went without any problem. I slept much of the way during the longest flights.

Sønderstrøm/Kangerlussuaq looked just the same as always, bright and sunny, as we flew up the long fjord for our landing. It is amusing to think that this was established as a weather station in the 1920s by the United States so that we would have some sort of an idea as to what the weather would be doing in Europe. Only recently have we given up Sønderstrøm as a military base.

So far so good, but that was the easy part. Now I had to successfully fly to Jacob-



shavn/Ilulissat. On one of my earlier travels that airport was fogged in causing me to miss the ferry to Upernavik. I had to lose a few days waiting for a seat on the very expensive helicopter to Upernavik. In that situation I had to camp out on the hillside in front of the airport so that I could check a few times a day for the next possible flight to Upernavik.

Well, my flight to Ilulissat/Jacobshavn went without a hitch because we had good weather and we even got to touch down for a quick stop at Aassiat to pick up and discharge a few more passengers. In the last moment we got to see the famous Jacobshavn glacier constantly calving huge icebergs. The icebergs do not look all that huge until you see a large boat or ship near them looking like a mere black speck. Now I was in familiar territory where at least I could see some icebergs as we flew over Disko Bay.

Coming into Upernavik, the Dash 7 pilot did the usual short runway landing. We did not have a view of the airport until we were right on it. We just dropped out of the clouds and landed almost simultaneously. It seems like a Dash 7 could land almost on a dime. I arrived at 2:30pm Saturday afternoon, amazingly on time, in Upernavik after having started from my home in Connecticut at 11:30am in the morning, Friday, the day before. Upernavik is two hours ahead of Eastern Time and Copenhagen is six hours ahead of Eastern Time.

One thing I have learned from all my journeys to Upernavik, starting in 1992, is to just hop on the flight opportunities as they come along, because I'd never know where I might find myself unfortunately stuck somewhere for an indeterminate length of time because of bad weather or other problem. The last time that I flew home from Upernavik in 2003, they gave me a pen and a deck of cards. I thought to myself "is this an omen that I might become stuck somewhere playing endless games of solitaire and writing my memoirs?" I kept those cards as a good luck charm so that I might not become get stuck anywhere along the way. I thought to myself "if that is all it takes, just carrying that deck of cards along so I don't get stuck, I'll do it!"

When I boarded SAS in Newark my luggage was five large fabric bags containing food for a month, camping gear and folding kayak, weighed 69 kilos, excluding my carry-on bag. At Upernavik airport, Heinz, the school and museum janitor picked me up. He is just such a wonderful helpful man who is especially considerate being at meeting places on time. Bo Albrechtsen, the Upernavik Museum director, had arranged that I would be driven down the long steep hill to the Upernavik Museum travelers' House, B-98. Heinz loaded my bulky heavy bags, drove me to B-98 and unloaded and stowed me safely

away handing me the key to the house. I was to spend the next two nights resting and visiting old friends. It was nice to be in town just long enough to recuperate. I needed to finalize those last minute details, which could only be done once I was actually there.

All the while I was most anxious to get going because the last thing I wanted to have happen was to be trapped there. How well I knew that some unknown problem could arise or bad weather could keep me there. Adventure on the water has its own special calling and after such a long time I felt the call to be once again reunited with my old wonderful world of kayaking on the open water from place to place endlessly experimenting with paddling in the ever changing waves. Those times of looking out the window just wishing does not do it. Now was the time for action.

This time however I was quite anxious about the icefjord. I had never actually paddled across it. During my first visit in 1992 to Upernavik, Mount Pinatubo had erupted the previous December. This caused the ice to go out much later near Aappilattoq. The ice on the north side of the island was so dense that I could not risk paddling around the island. On my last visit in 2003, a normal year, the ice on the north side of Aappilattoq Island was in places a mere boat length apart. Now in 2005, I had no idea what to expect for ice density in the Upernavik Icefjord.

In planning this trip I had to consider that unknowns such as the wind and tidal current can push the ice packing it into areas making them impassable. Intense wind storms can come in from Baffin Bay bringing wind that is threatening to any boat especially a kayak paddler. All these thoughts about the unknowns were on my mind.

The Upernavik Museum's guest house was comfortably heated, complete with kitchen, running hot and cold water, bathroom, all in good order. Out over the water the sun pierced the grey clouds. There were some islands and icebergs in view through the west facing living room windows. I thought to myself, how many times before have I seen this scene, because I lived and worked here at the Museum 1997 into 1999. As I gazed at the water I was glad that I had arrived with all of my equipment and that none of my baggage had gone astray. I was looking forward to getting on the water. I had a bedroom all to myself and in the familiar living room I immediately located the trusty old TV, figured out how to turn it on and collapsed on the plush couch in front of it. I fell asleep contentedly listening to the usual selection of KNR TV.

The light at this latitude is different and makes things such as those icebergs, islands and rocks look different than anywhere else

in the world. Today they have a black-iron grey look to them. Out there were those exquisite granite islands and peninsulas I had rounded so many times before in my kayak on my various journeys over the years starting in 1992? Once again I had come here to paddle my kayak alone on another adventure into the unknown. This time it was to an area I had only once glimpsed from a quick motorboat trip but never experienced from my kayak.

How glad I was that the weather was not some depressing combination of nasty, cold, windy or rainy weather with gigantic waves crashing against the rocks a few hundred feet out in front of this house. Near the Upernavik Museum the shallow rock shoreline make the waves look even more like boat eaters. When the swells surge into the shallows of the rock ramps they end as steep waves crashing into the vertical rock faces and then rebound to double in size as they combine with the next incoming wave. Yet, out from the rocks, just a short distance away these waves are mere swells not especially threatening unless there is a strong wind over fifteen knots pushing them. Once the wind is over fifteen knots, weather forecast conditions "cooling winds" in Danish are issued to warn small boaters of this small craft warning.

When in my kayak I take care to not get trapped in that type of wave situation when coming in for a landing. If I have to come in for a landing in these conditions I make a quick landing, jump out pull my kayak up out of harm's way before the next wave rolls in and grabs me and my kayak. Only if I have no other choice, would I look for another spot. Out away from the rocks the waves are usually not that large, however they usually have the same cadence or timing and size range as waves in Long Island Sound.

On Sunday, July 31st, typical of Greenland, everything was closed except for church at 10am. I went to church and did not understand any of the service because it was all in Greenlandic since nearly all the parishioners were Greenlanders. Four babies were baptized in a lovely but short ceremony. Some of the families I knew but unfortunately I did not know the parents so I shyly left after the service. It is unfortunate that I have never become fluent in Greenlandic because this was one of those moments when I would have been happy to chat with the parishioners. I felt quite helpless not being able to communicate.

Bo Albrechtsen was attending a special jubilee celebration for the town/bygt, Kangarsuatsiaq/Prøven. Many people in Upernavik have lived in Kangarsuatsiaq and have relatives there. I paddled to Kangarsuatsiaq in 2003 just to see this town because I had heard about it from so many people in Upernavik.

On Monday I stopped by the Museum to make final travel arrangements with Bo



Albrechtsen I needed a motorboat to take me to Puguta. Bo told me the Greenlandic English translations for many frequently repeated names on the map of landforms. After all these years it was nice to know these things. I wish that I had known them sooner. The names describe, in the sense of how the land looks, a particular name for an island, activities on an island or relate to the historic usage of an island.

Aappilattoq – red,
Amarortalik – island with wolves,
Ateqdrangitorssuaq – with no name,
Augplia – in a,
Ikerassuk – a passage,
Ilua – inside,
Innarsuit – steep,
Miut – people from,
Naajat or Naajat – breeding place for Roseate or small white gulls,
Nunatarssuaq – a large piece of land,
Nutarmiut – new people,
Puguta – dish,
Pugutalik – place with a dish,
Qterssuaq – big one in the middle,
Sarqarsuaq – large south side,
Simintaq – bottle stopper,
Sinerraq – long side,
Suaq – big,
Ujaragssuit – big stones,
Umanaq – looks like a heart.

Before I left Upernavik I took it upon myself to be truthful with Bo Albrechtsen and Tom Osterman, an old friend and policeman, about my anxiety of taking this solo kayak trip. This had been on my mind for quite some time. I thought that rather than play the foolish game of pretending that I was comfortable about taking this trip, this time, in all honesty, I would talk of my anxiety before I took this trip. In the old days I would never divulge any of this anxiety until I had returned. I assiduously choose who I would share with that I had any anxiety whatsoever; because I did not want to risk anyone talking me out of my

undertaking. This time I knew that there was really no way I could cover-up my anxiety. My face and body language had to be revealing all too clearly my acute feelings.

Beginning in 1992 I had made these trips many times, but now I was just that much older, enough so to seem to me that my anxiety possibly being more of a factor. I was somewhat more concerned about being able to physically handle the heavy demands of this sort of travel. Even though I had pared my overall load down as low as possible, still the loaded kayak was very heavy to get up above the high tide line.

Bo is a most compassionate person and he most kindly reassured me, "You will be alright you have done this lots of times before, you know what you are doing". He was right. I was so pleased that he really does understand how skilled a kayak paddler I had become, how careful a planner I was and how scrupulously I had chosen the particular kayak I was using and all the equipment. He confided in me that this area is really not an easy place to chance paddling a kayak. I agreed just an iceberg falling apart can change things in a moment. I was so pleased that he understood enough about kayaking and the tricky weather in this area to truthfully tell me "you know what you are doing".

Tom told me, "it is not a good thing to take a trip you are so anxious about because your anxiety may cause you to get into trouble you would have otherwise not had". He was right about that too. And from that I took it upon myself to keep my head on straight and stay calm. It was either do that "Straighten out and fly right" or quit. I did not want to quit.

My visit with Bo was on Monday because he was leaving while I would be paddling and not returning until my departure date of August 27th. This was the same day that both Tom and Bo were returning to Upernavik on the same plane I am leaving on. I was glad I would at least see both of them even for just a short moment to tell

them face to face how things went to say a final farewell.

I anticipated that this might be my last trip to Upernavik because the cost, the stress and the physical requirements. Throughout my life curiosity to go see for myself what things look like and to be able to share this with others has always been my driving force for these travels. Still it shall at some point be very hard for me to call it quits.

Icebergs, what are the different types and how do they behave was my question for Bo? Just before I left the museum at Upernavik, Bo told me about the extreme danger dirty jagged or saw tooth topped iceberg presents. This iceberg is tabular which seems safe because tabular icebergs are usually stable. Usually tabular icebergs just drops small chunks off their sides from time to time without rolling over crashing to pieces and catastrophically splitting apart in great chunks. This saw toothed tabular iceberg has the distinctive appearance of looking dirty with a very jagged saw tooth top. The dirty appearance comes from the black bands of dirt mixed with clear bands of ice stacked together vertically like books on a bookshelf forming a highly fractured jagged-topped berg with an overall tabular shape. This iceberg has a much shorter life than an ordinary white tabular iceberg because it will catastrophically split apart into huge chunks of ice crashing into the water, creating a huge wave.

I was aware that icebergs with arches are unstable but I was surprised to find that I was completely unaware of how dangerous dirty jagged icebergs are. In my travel experiences I had never seen any of that type. The glaciers in this area do happen to generate them occasionally. Bo told me that local boaters avoid getting anywhere near these icebergs giving them wide berths. I was very glad I had asked Bo about icebergs because otherwise I would have never known and might have been in very serious danger during my paddle.

There is no sort of warning when any iceberg will suddenly collapse, however August is considered as the most unstable

Commonly Found Birds

I assembled a list of the names of birds in English, Latin and Greenlandic, because some areas are named for the birds commonly found there:

Arctic tern: *Sterna paradisaea*/Imeqqutaalaq
Atlantic puffin: *Fratercula arctica*/Qilanngaq
Barnacle goose: *Branta leucopsis*
Black guillemot: *Cephus grille*/Serfaq
Black-bellied plover: *Pluvialis apricaria*/Anngilik
Black-headed gull; *Larus ridibundus*/Nasalik
Black-legged kittiwake: *Rissa tridactyla*/Taateraag
Brant: *Branta bernicla*/Nerlernaq
Canada goose: *Branta Canadensis*/Canadap nerlia
Common eider: *Somateria moksissima*/Meqsiorartooq (Aavooq)
Common loon: *Gavia immer*/Tuullik
Common Redpoll: *Carduelis flammea*/Opimmiutaq
Cormorant: *Phalacrocorax carbo*/Oquitsuit or Oqaatsoq
Dovekie : *Alle alle*/Appaliarsuk (Appaaraq)
Dunlin: *Calidris alpina*/Saarfaarsuk
Glaucous Gull: *Larus glaucoides*/Naajaannaq
Greater Black-Backed Gull: *Larus marinus*/Naajarluk

Grey Gull: *Larus hyperboreus*/Naajarjussuaq
Gyr Falcon: *Falco rusticolus*/Kissaviarsuk
Harlequin Duck: *Histrionicus histrionicus*/Toornaviarsaq
Hoary Redpoll: *Carduelis hornemanni*/Orpimmiutaq avannarleq
Horned Lark: *Eremophila alpestris*/Qutsis-sormintaq
Iceland Gull: *Larus glaucoides*/Naajarjussuaq
Ivory Gull: *Pagophila eburnea*/Naajavaarsuk
King Eider: *Somateria spectabilis*/Miteqsior-akitsoq
Kumliens Gull: *Larus glaucoides*/Naajaannaq
Lapland Longspur: *Calcarius lapponicus*/Narsarmintaq
Lesser Golden Plover: *Pluvialis dominica*/Anngilik
Long-Tailed Jaeger: *Stercorarius longicaudus*/Papikkaaq
Northern Fulmar: *Fulmarus glacialis*/Qaqul-luk or Timmiakuluk
Northern Gannet: *Morus bassanus*/Sulabas-sana/Timmik
Northern Phalarope: *Lobipes lobatus*/Naluumasortooq
Northern Raven : *Corvus corax*/Tulugaq
Oldsquaw: *Clangula hyemalis*/Alleq

Parasitic Jaeger: *Stercorarius parasiticus*/Isunnagq
Peregrine falcon: *Falco peregrinus*/Kii-naaleeraq
Pomarine Jaeger: *Stercorarius pomarinus*/Isunnarsuaq
Purple sandpiper: *Calidris maritime*/Saarfaa-rusuk
Razorbill: *Alca torda*/Apparluk
Red Knot: *Calidris canutus*/Qajorlak
Red Phalarope: *Phalaropus fulicarius*/Kajuaragq
Red-Throated Loon: *Gavia stellata*/Qarssaag
Rock Ptarmigan: *Lagopus mutus*/Aqisseq
Ross' Gull: *Rhodostethia rosea*/Naajannguaq
Ruddy Turnstone: *Arenaria interpres*/Taliffak
Sabine's gull: *Larus sabini*/Taateraaruag
Sanderling: *Calidris alba*/Saartaarsuk
Snow Bunting: *Plectrophenax nivalis*/Qupe-loraasuk (qupannaag)
Snow Goose: *Anser caerulescens*/Kangoq
Snowy Owl: *Nyctea scandiaca*/Uppik
Thick-Billed Murre: *Uria lomvia*/Appa
Thin-Billed Murre: *Uria aalge*/Appa siqqut-tooq
White-Fronted Goose: *Anser albifrons*/Ner-leq

time because of the cumulative effect of 24 hour summer light exposure that began at the summer solstice. For some reason major collapses most often occur at around 4am. You can just sit there and watch icebergs for hours and absolutely nothing will happen and then suddenly a berg will disintegrate with resounding thunderous explosion, dropping chunks off, rocking back and forth, rolling over, or possibly split up and then become perfectly quiet as though nothing in the world had happened while rolling back and forth until it stabilizes again on its new center of gravity.

An especially huge iceberg of this type grounded just off Tussaaq. In a single moment during this spring that iceberg suddenly fell to pieces. This catastrophic collapse generated an enormous, very steep wave that roared up Tussaaq nearly destroying this entire little village. In Tussaaq all was gone except a few of the houses highest above the water. The huge wave had in an instant taken away all the lower houses and pier structures within its reach. Peter Aaronsen's house survived because his house was located above where the massive wave reached. He is presently the only resident of Tussaaq. All the other families have moved to Upernavik or other small towns such as Aappilattoq.

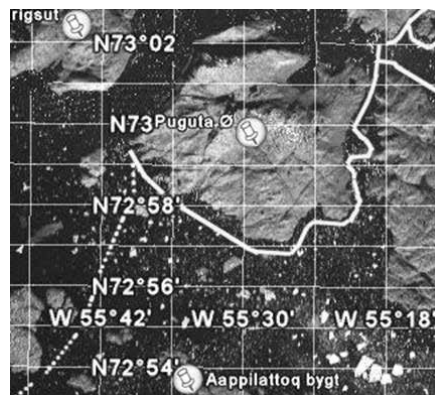
All I knew was that summer, especially late summer, August is when icebergs are most unstable, don't be dumb and paddle under arches and grounded out icebergs that could suddenly break apart catastrophically. In preparation for arctic paddling, I took surfing lessons and whitewater slalom racing lessons so that I could automatically cope with the steep waves suddenly coming from a disintegrating iceberg:

In 1998 while I was just out for a day paddle I passed by what I thought were two medium sized icebergs. On my way back just as I was passing, quite luckily, by the outside of them, I thought that I might just paddle to the beach nearby to get out of my kayak for a break. Luck was with me because in a moment where there appeared to be two icebergs suddenly the nearest iceberg reared up out of the water. In a twinkling I found that these two bergs were actually one huge berg connected together beneath the water. From my kayak I did not see this ice bridge underwater. I was very lucky not to be any closer than I was nor did I happen to have beached my kayak.

Among icebergs I have to think trigonometrically with constant moving dynamics involved because icebergs constantly are changing both in the direction they are moving laterally but also by dropping pieces off, which changes their center of gravity thus causing them to roll side to side or completely over, depending on how drastic the weight change has been.

August 1st 2005: Monday on Puguta, my first waypoint for this trip is 72°59.485'N, 55°39.623'W which is equivalent to N72°59'29" W55°39'37" on Puguta Island at 13:41 EDT or 15:41 Greenland time (local Greenland time is 2 hours ahead of EDT). David Thorliefsen, an old friend of mine and Ole Thorliefsen's brother, brought me by motorboat/yawl to the island Puguta (meaning dish in Greenlandic named for its appearance) a distance of about fifteen miles. On our way we passed Karrat Island where I saw the fangthus/hunting cabin that I had paddled by in 1995. Then we passed Nutsiaq Island and cut out around Niaquassaq Island to Puguta with Aipee SW and a nasty dan-

gerous iceberg off Niaquassaq. Just at the end of Niaquassaq we saw three black seals and about fifty king eiders. If I had been in control of the boat and rifle I would have bagged a seal for sure, but David did not and kept going heading for Puguta.



I have always admired David for his great skill as a hunter. He is a man of few words but speaks perfect English. Some day, if there is anyone I would like to go on a hunting or fishing trip with it would be David Thorliefsen.

Just as we were nearing Puguta David did ask me if I was not sure that I might rather be dropped at Aipee Island because his family and many from Aappilattoq camped there. I declined as I knew Bruce Simpson and his family had used this campsite at Puguta in 2003. Judging the size of that island I figured that it must be large enough to have sufficient water available. Aipee Island was much smaller and I knew nothing about it. Later I found that there would have been no water other than from possible stranded ice chunks which I would have to melt water from the ice.

Adam Grim told me that everybody used to summer on Aipee and when they had been successful at hunting they would signal across to their houses on Aappilattoq for boats to come and pick up the seals, etc. Also Adam told me that he takes his family every spring to Puguta. I have been visiting Adam and his family at Aappilattoq since 1992 and this has always been fun. Aappilattoq is about fifteen miles away. Later I also found that taking Bo Albrechtsen's suggestion to go to Puguta was the best choice because not only was water available but even more exciting was that there happened to be some birch trees growing there.

As David let me off at my chosen destination, the northwest corner of Puguta Island, without a word we both warily looked around for the presence of any of these dirty icebergs because we were both concerned if any happened to be lurking close by. There was one complete with jagged top spanning from end to end, a classic example, a few miles to the west. The route David took me to Puguta avoided our coming anywhere near this iceberg.

Alone at my campsite on the point facing southwest I cautiously kept a close eye on that insidious iceberg every few hours to see if it was drifting toward or away from me. This berg was to the west of me. With no incoming wind from the west to push it toward me, it continued its westward way out to sea, drifting on the outgoing tidal fjord currents.

I made sure that all my gear was well up the hillside on the shoreline safely above any likely wave from the icebergs I could see. The sudden break up of an iceberg sends huge waves big enough to grab and sweep away any object in an instant.

At Kullorsuaq in 1995 I watched the break up of a stranded berg. The loud crashing noises brought the whole town to the shore edge grabbing their outhaul lines to keep their motorboats from washing away. The dogs screeched in complete terror as the water washed up to their tether lines. How well these dogs who are on the edge of harbors know waves like this can be deadly. As I made my camp I purposefully chose a spot where I could set up my tent facing the doorway south to give me the best over all view of the icefjord most especially of that dirty jagged iceberg to the west of my campsite. I thought it was a little warm as I sat in the bright sun facing south. Sure enough I was not imagining things, the temperature was 81°F, barometric pressure was 29.80" and had been very level for the past 24 hours with stable weather.

The day was calm, sunny and warm which was it was just perfect for the very robust population of mosquitoes to be out and about. This was one of those moments when I wished that I had brought mosquito repellent. I retrieved and donned my mosquito hat. I had modified the netting on my sewing machine by cutting a hole in the netting so that I could see without the net obstruction. I made the hole adjustable by sewing Velcro around the edges so that I could reduce or enlarge the opening as need be. I do not like paddling and using cameras with partially obstructed vision.



This design modification of my mosquito hat worked out very well so that I could put on my baseball hat on beneath it. I always wear a baseball cap because of its visor. The visor is dull black, which gives me the best distance vision on the water. I had also planned using the visor to keep the extra netting away from my face and flopping down into my eyes. My hat worked fine.

I tried out my new video camera and now was the perfect time to read the directions. After years of paddling alone on these travels I have found that it is best to just bring the complete directions for both the video and still cameras. I have found that I never know what information I might just happen to need at the moment that I had not anticipated the need for. Specific instructions told me that the video camera would work only after I put in the date and time. That is something I would have never guessed. I was glad that this video camera was an 8mm tape camera because I was accustomed to tape video cameras and most importantly, I could replay the tape to see what it had recorded.

However just replaying the tape does make a break in the control track of the recording if I stop when the recording ends so the trick I use is to record a few additional seconds on the tape when I anticipate that I will replay the tape. At that point when I replay the tape, I stop before the end of that recording. Then I continue recording from that place on the tape, getting rid of the break in the control track. I do not have the patience to prerecord control tracks, what is called blacking the tape, on new tapes.

I was very excited about the birch trees because for me so far this is the farthest north I have found birch trees growing. Birch trees have been written about by Morten Porsild saying that Upernavik was the farthest north birch trees grow. Unfortunately I do not know at what latitude he last found them.

While I was sitting on Puguta numerous motor boats were going by which made me suspect that I was on the main drag to the three bygter, Innarsuit, Naujat and Tassiusak, that are north and west from here. The map didn't show this double cabin fangsthus/hunters' cabin right here where I am.



I could see the dramatic triangular peaked basalt mountain, Sanderson's Hope, very clearly from here. I walked around and enjoyed the vast unexpected profusion of flowers, mushrooms and puffballs. Birch, betulanana, grows here flat to the ground in profusion.

This spot was well used in the past as evidenced by very old seal fat congealed as a black crust on the rocks, house remains, bones and current remains of fishing lines and seal nets. This site has many types of grass, due to human habitation and grass is always a convent indicator of high nitrogen



enrichment from either human habitation or eider nesting.

Here I am all alone. Then add some anxiety, not good! Now there was no getting out of this commitment to spend the next 24 days depending on just myself in a place doing what I both love and fear. I lay down under the blue sky and prayed, "Lord have mercy" for as long as an hour. I just did not know what to do about my anxiety and then at last I found the answer that I can do this, just pray, "Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy".

Recalling years ago, probably 1993, when a friend, Jonhardt Dale-Jacobsen, in Upernavik gave me a pocket version of the New Testament, how little did I know that on this trip I would make up my mind to spend every evening reading the New Testament and Psalms. Every day I would read the daily prayers in the Orthodox Christian Little Prayer book and gaze at the icons. Through the prayers and icons I feel the presence of God.

To me these adventures I take have always been rugged challenges because people, who are not adventurers in mind, don't accept people like me. I have this pervasive need for finding out what it is like by being there. Still I find that I just seem live for these adventures, to solo kayak explore in arctic waters. I treasure the support of my friends, such as Bo at the Upernavik Museum, because I know how rare we kindred spirits are. I always find it exciting to find someone, especially a Greenlander, who shares this passion. Most often they are innovative hunters who love the adventure as I do.

There is a book of collected stories from people just such as this entitled *We Remember*. Adam Grim's father, Rasmus, is one of these people and another is David and Ole Thorlielsen's mother, Joanna. How little did I know that these friends of mine have such kindred spirits as their parents. This explains why, whenever I come to Upernavik, they always welcome me. They too share this love of adventure, exploring the unknown.

I had a clear view across the icefjord as I sat on the southwest corner of Puguta. I decided now was the perfect time to practice sextant navigation. I sighted and compared the angles between various familiar peaks with my chart, sextant and plotter. For many past years I have not had the patience to do this and actually it was only in 1992, when I was not sure of where the opening of a passage really was that I actually did use my sextant. Now I took my time carefully aligning the mirrors, which I really enjoyed doing and then the sextant worked just fine. Of course, for starters, I did know exactly where I was, which made the whole experiment go much easier. I really had fun this time because I love it when things work as they are supposed to work. Also there were some points on the map I wanted to confirm that I had wondered about.

The mirrors on my sextant were fine because it had not yet been exposed to enough saltwater to damage the silver backing coating of the mirrors. That is the only problem I found over the years is that mirrors are not saltwater proof. The salt just destroys the coating on mirrors. Before I travel again I should spray the backs of those mirrors with a waterproofing protective coating.

From where I was on Puguta, Aiparssuaq Island just happened to be exactly in line with Aappilattoq and Inugsulik. As I looked across the fjord I noticed, to my relief that the spacing between the icebergs in icefjord was not threatening. However, icebergs are always moving around on the currents and wind.

Cloud cover was advancing over the sun. My new Helly Hansen raincoat is fine, although the Teflon coated fabric is light the raincoat is solidly waterproof. My replacement tent was fine, however while I had the opportunity at home I did not bother with sewing the additional 16" wide snow flaps onto the bottom edges. As I looked at the gaps here and there along the hummocky ground I thought to myself how foolish I had been because during those inevitable moments when the wind blows, the wind will just blow right through these openings. The flaps would have made the interior of the tent warmer and cut down on some of the mosquitoes by closing the gap along the tent edge and the ground.

I was very pleased that my original



orange, uncoated rip stop 1.9oz nylon liner tied into place just fine. I had transferred this original liner into this new tent rather than use a substitute of lesser untested quality. In four season nylon tents the liner fabric must be 1.9oz rip stop nylon because it has just the right porosity for the exhaled vapor from my breath to pass through and condense on the inside of the urethane coated nylon tent in cold conditions. This kept me from brushing against the wet condensate accumulated on the inner surface of the tent.

I like the color orange because it is very cheerful. Once when I was camping on Cape Hat near Pond Inlet across the way to the west while I was resting in my tent we were enveloped in fog. I was really surprised when I poked my head outside to find that we were in depressing fog, my mood inside my orange tent was up and when I saw the fog I felt depressed. Just the same mood swing as if I were going from a sunny day to a miserable gray day. So I have always treasured this orange tent liner to keep me in an up mood despite what might be going on outside.

The only problem I really have with a tent is when the wind blows so strongly that the fabric slats. I really hate that constant noise. One time in Tassiusak I actually went to a church service and spent time thinking up anything I could do to escape

my slatting tent. More recently to avoid having to hear the noise of slatting fabric I have resorted to bringing some ear plugs in my medical supply kit.

One of my chief problems has always been of not being sure of what was inside each stuff bag and dry bag. There is no doubt about it being very difficult to figure out what might be in each of these dry bags because all of them happen to be the same color, shape and size being light gray urethane coated rollover seal nylon cylindrical bags. Finally after all these years of travel beginning in 1989, only now in 2005 did I figure out that I needed to have large labels written on the outside with a wide sharpie pen, stitched on or tied on with the information written on. I had to use large black letters big enough for me to read without using my glasses. I need to use glasses to be able to read regular print. This seems to happen to most of us after fifty who are far sighted, very humiliating. All those big labels I put on the bags really paid off, no more of "what is in the bag questions".

Wandering around my campsite I noticed that there were numerous rabbit droppings. I cannot explain why such a density of rabbits exists here on this seemingly insignificant island area, but I do suspect that there has to be a good supply of vegetation and water to feed them.

I was pleased that I brought my sextant and protractor in addition to the GPS, a Garmin 76, because I enjoyed figuring out from the sextant and protractor with the map just which peak twenty miles away I am looking at. First I had to true my sextant by aligning the mirrors and then I had to frequently recheck it because this inexpensive plastic sextant will change its dimensions drastically with minor temperature changes. Just a few minutes in the shade, exposure to the bright sun or a change in the angle of the instrument to the sun can cause a drastic change in mirror alignment. Thankfully these mirrors can be adjusted into alignment quickly and easily. Using the sextant to measure the angles between geographic points, peaks and islands, if I didn't attend to this detail of rechecking the alignment, whole mountains and indeed entire islands would seem to move, imagine that!

From where I was sitting on Puguta, I could easily see two very prominent peaks. I was especially interested in keeping track of two especially familiar peaks so that I would be absolutely sure I was looking at them from any angle because these mountains are the highest points to the south of me. I expected that I would be north of them during this trip. Squinting at the map after awhile I did recognize the mountains on Qaerdorssuaq/Sanderson's Hope, Umiaq Mountain and Nutamiut, where there was an especially memorable peak shrouded with an icy mantle visible near Aappilattoq and Asseritoq. I had always found it difficult to relate to the Saga 1:250,000 scale topographic map. Unfortunately this is the only map available in print.

At this time I did not know about the detailed satellite images on Google Earth. While I was in Upernavik, Dariusz Sobczynski (dariusz40@hotmail.com) showed me on Google Earth how I could find a high resolution map of anywhere on the Earth. I was very excited over this possibility because finding any detailed map particularly for this immediate area is unlikely. I can copy a Google map with all details by clicking on Print Screen and Shift then copying the image into a photo editing program.

What is especially nice about the Google Earth map is that it is three-dimensional, which makes it easier to relate to at a glance than with the Saga topographic map, although the Saga map very conveniently gives land elevation in meters or feet denoting tops of peaks. From the Google Earth map I could improve the Saga map so that I would have a better chance of relating the map to the precise GPS readings.

Drawing these lines accurately required very precise measuring. Under the best controlled conditions I drew lines at home using my drafting table with drafting pencil. I drew lines on the map for each minute of latitude and every ten minutes of longitude. I could not put lines on the map for every minute longitude because this far north the minutes are too close together. Longitude lines are especially difficult to accurately draw because on a Mercator projection each longitude varies incrementally from latitude to latitude. I had to recalculate each new set of divisions between each latitude line and precisely connect those dots. Any line drawing error would mean a deviation of huge inaccuracy when trying to extrapolate to a GPS reading in minutes seconds, tenths and hundredths of seconds.

I remembered how nearly impossible it was to match GPS readings with this map without these reference lines on my previous travels during 2003 in this area. I spent hours just trying to find simple points where I knew for sure that I really had been. While I was relaxing in the sun I took the time to compare the GPS with the sextant and the map. How well I know that I would be very anxious if I was not sure of exactly where I was. Looking at vague islands is not reassuring.

In the Arctic, perspective and depth perception is affected by the refractory atmosphere. Distances are very hard to estimate because different distances all look the same. I had a most poignant experience I shall never forget while paddling with Erwin Streisinger on the Baillie River in the Canadian Barren Grounds. I was the lead paddler for the day but I found myself fixedly staring at these two inexplicable huge boulders. Finally I could stand the tension no more and stopped to ask Erwin about them. With laughter in his voice he assured me that I was experiencing a typical Arctic visual aberration. Sure enough, as I approached these rocks I found that they were actually only 6"-10" rocks. All the while when approaching those rocks I had been imagining that we must be coming up on a huge set of rapids not shown on the map.

I found that it is not always so easy to stay calm in the Arctic, amongst these assorted variables we temperate climate people don't have to deal with are these visual phenomena that play tricks in varying degrees on our eyes.

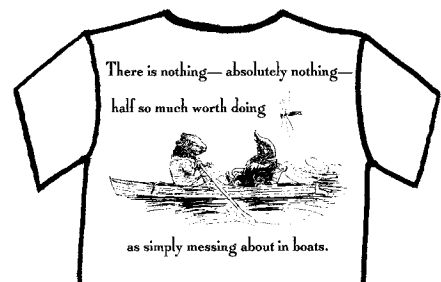
When I first arrived, the campsite was very warm with so many mosquitoes that I had to put on my mosquito hat. Then as the sun headed more northerly in its circumnavigation of the sky this far north of the Arctic Circle, the temperature dropped and the mosquitoes waned. I thought to myself, when it comes to mosquitoes, always be prepared, I just never know when I might need that mosquito hat. There is nothing worse than a face full of mosquitoes especially hundreds of them flying into my eyes, up my nose and into my mouth. I had two choices if I forgot my mosquito netting hat, either retreat into my tent or go find someplace too cold for them to be around.

On the Barren-Grounds when they hatched it was impossible to deal with their black clouds anyway other than by wearing a mosquito hat. There were just so many mosquitoes all packed together in mid-air that they could not get out of each others way.

One time I paddled down deep into the bottom of Laksefjorden to look at a refugium only to find myself smothered with mosquitoes. My visit shortened down to less than an hour, just long enough to make the essential observations and then I high tailed out of there for the cooler outer fjord areas. I had not bothered to take too seriously the remark by my local friends about how warm it is in the bottoms of the fjords. Even though the water is just a couple of degrees above freezing and icebergs and bits of ice are all around does not necessarily mean the air temperature would be cool because calm air on a bright sunny day makes for summer temperatures. It can be just warm enough for the mosquitoes to come out looking to feast on me, the unprotected victim.

As I am sitting here on the southwest tip of Puguta I notice that about five of six boats have gone by. I don't know why but I guess that they are avoiding that dangerous iceberg to the west. Maybe they are coming this way because there is less ice in this passage, Qarngup sarqaa.

(To Be Continued)

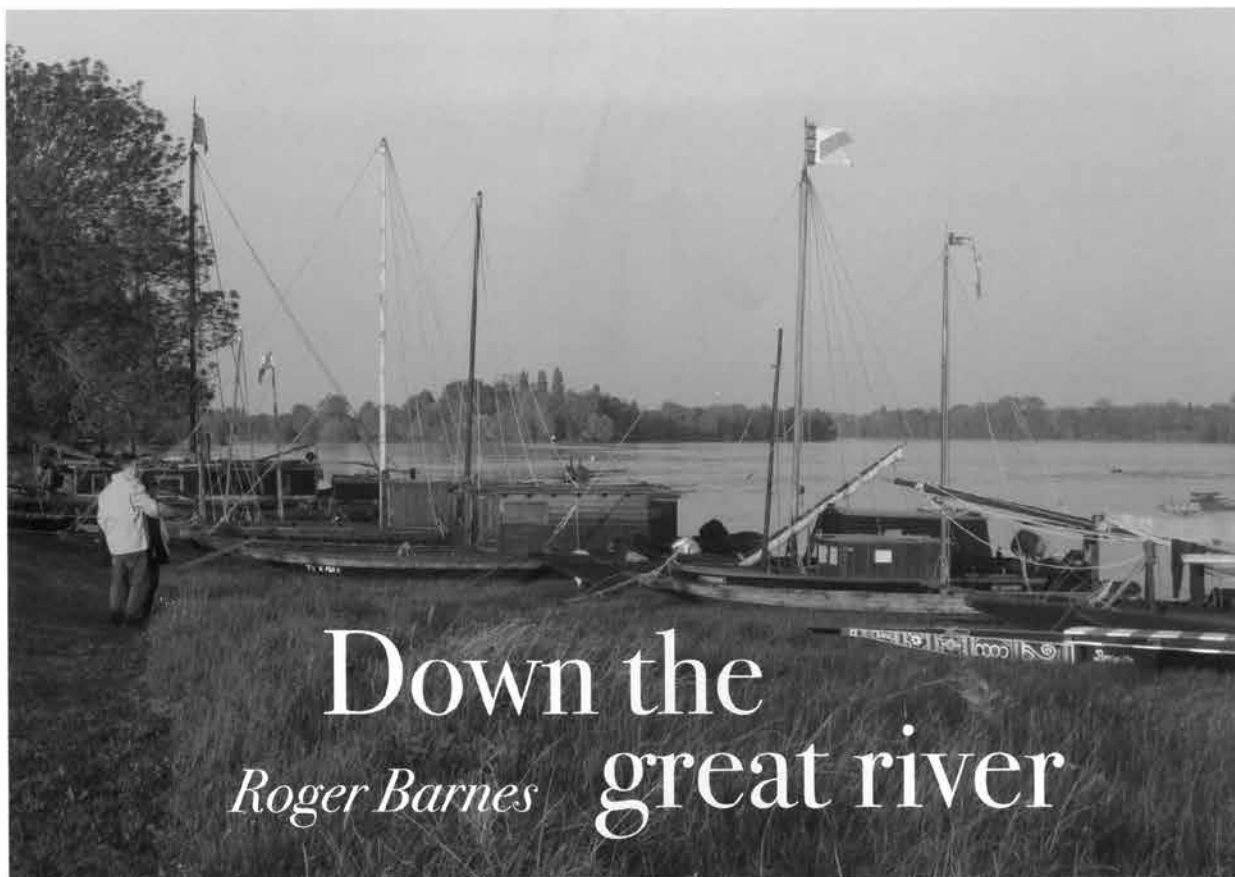


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Down the *Roger Barnes* great river

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

If you have visited the great festivals at Brest and Douarnenez, you may have wondered at the inland watercraft to be seen there, amidst the crowds of trim sea boats. Tarred, slab sided, built of rough-sawn timber and looking like overgrown Thames punts that have sprouted garden sheds at their sterns, these strange craft hail from the River Loire, and are well adapted to the conditions there. At one time they could arrive at the west coast of Brittany by navigating the Nantes-Brest canal, but through passage on that route was cut long ago by the construction of a hydro-electric power station.

Nowadays the riverboats travel west on road trailers, to ensure that the traditional craft of the French inland waters are not forgotten at the great sea festivals of Brittany.

Two French words can be translated as 'river' in English: la rivière and le fleuve, and the River Loire is very definitely un fleuve. Rising deep in the Ardèche region of southwestern France and flowing over 600 miles towards the Atlantic seaboard at Saint Nazaire, it is one of the great natural waterways of Europe.

No Frenchman would describe it as a mere rivière. The mighty Loire is navigable deep inland, its channel buoyed and dredged, but unlike the English Thames or the Anglo-Welsh Severn, it has never been tamed by locks, and special watercraft were developed to sail on it.

In summer the green waters of the Loire flow languidly between wooded banks, but in winter the river pours down out of the gorges of the Cévennes into the fertile lowlands, coursing beneath the stone bridges of numerous fine towns and under the walls of the celebrated chateaux of the Loire valley: wild, fierce and engorged with flood water.

The French are very proud of the Loire and refer to it as 'le dernier grand fleuve sauvage de l'Europe'. It must be navigated, as it always has been, by close attention to the water level and the shoal banks, deploying the ancient skills of the watermen of old.

I got a chance to see the Loire riverboats in their natural habitat when I received a personal invitation to 'Les Rencontres de la Loire' at the port of la Possonnière near Angers. The little fête was

Traditional river craft moored to the flooded banks of the Loire at La Possonnière

organised by a sailing friend called Tatus, who runs a fleet of traditional Loire rivercraft from there. It took place in May 2013, immediately before the biennial Semaine du Golfe on the Gulf of Morbihan. As I also wanted to attend this much larger festival just afterwards, my original plan was to tow my boat *Avel Dro* behind my car to la Possonnière for the river festival, then recover my dinghy, drive over to the Morbihan and relaunch her there just in time for the picnic on the Île d'Arz, which traditionally kicks off the week of festivities in the Gulf.

Driving under the embanked railway track that divides the pretty village of la Possonnière from the Loire, I arrived beside the great river. It was flowing high over its normal banks, the current running swift and strong, racing past the navigation buoys and streaming through the branches of the overhanging trees.

I launched my boat into the river, then parked my car and trailer in the adjacent parking area, just below the high-speed railway line, on which sleek TGV trains streaked imperiously past. Not knowing how secure this location might be, I locked the trailer securely to the car's ball hitch, then shut the trailer key safely in the car.

I returned to my boat and sculled her out into the river. Swinging around the end of the slipway, she suddenly entered the full force of the swift current, which thrust her rapidly downstream, past a row of traditional Loire craft moored to the right bank. Sculling furiously, I escaped from the fast stream and squeezed into a narrow gap between two of the tarred riverboats. Their sloping bows were run up onto the grass at the edge of a field; colourful pennants streamed out from their mastheads and the homely cabins at their sterns were furnished with patterned blankets and cushions.

On the grass beyond stood a group of marquees and open-air stages, draped in festive bunting. The visiting boat crews were given free drinks and handed a Chinese lantern and a candle, to hang in the rigging of their vessels. As darkness fell, the lanterns flickered like fireflies and the glow from the cabin windows of the riverboats danced in the rippling water.

The festival was bustling, yet friendly and intimate. There were stalls selling hot food, a long bar to create alcohol-fuelled revelry and various stages for the jazz-influenced music so popular in continental Europe. I found a good number of my old friends there, so the evening passed joyously, with many yarns and reminiscences.

Next morning was less joyous, as I failed to find my keys when I tried to get back in my car. At some point during the previous evening they must have slipped silently out of my pocket and plopped into the lapping water. I hunted for them in a panic, all over the field and even under the bottom boards of my dinghy. I was still in the middle of this frantic search I was hailed by

my friend Hoël:

'Quick, bring one of your sculling oars' he said, 'we are off down river to Chalonnes pour boire un pot, and I need your experience à la godille!'

A flotilla of vessels were leaving the bank, mostly using outboards, but some were working downstream the traditional way, using long sweeps to manoeuvre their massive hulls and ferry glide in the current.

Hoël's boat served as tender to his larger live-aboard. She was like a Scandinavian pram, with a long prow thrust out in front, ending in a little transom. We headed towards the fine ashlar arches of the road bridge that span the river just downstream of la Possonnière. The long bridge roared towards us at over 4 knots, high bow waves piled in front of its many cutwaters.

Hoël, sculling at the stern, steered for an arch close to the left-hand bank, half blocked by a fallen tree. We shot into the narrow gap. The leaves brushed the sides of our boat, then our bow smashed into the standing wave on the far side of the span, throwing river water back into our faces. The boat rocked and bucked. I clung on tightly while Hoël whooped with excitement at the stern. This is what you do for fun, if you live in a boat on the River Loire.

When we finally returned to la Possonnière, I spent much time on

the telephone. The loss of my car key was my main problem, as I had foolishly left the spare key at home. A local garage could source me another one, but this would take up to ten days. A better option was to have my spare car key couriered over from England. Tatus suggested I have it delivered to his parents' address in the town, as like Hoël, he lived on a boat and had no postal address onshore. Unfortunately, due to various bank holidays in England and France in the coming week, even an 'overnight' courier service could not deliver it for some days.

'Là reste un autre petit problème' Tatus added gravely: 'if le fleuve continues to rise at this rate, it could flood the banks all the way up to the railway line, inundating the car park.'

As I did not intend to remain in la Possonnière myself, there was not much I could do about this, other than encourage Tatus to keep an eye on my vehicle and its firmly-attached trailer. Hopefully he would be able to organise some way of towing them both to higher ground, should the Loire break its banks. But the only way I could get to the Semaine du Golfe now was to sail there, and if I was going to get

A traditional craft using its large square sail to go upriver against the current, harnessing the 'vent solaire' that generally blows up the River Loire.





A traditional vessel at Chalonnes-sur-Loire

there in time, I had to set off as soon as possible.

I sought 'local knowledge' about the navigation of the River Loire.

'You'll be OK getting down to Nantes – just follow the balisage,' advised the skipper of a large river craft.

'But what's it like in the tideway?' I asked.

'I don't know. I don't risk going beyond Nantes in this,' he said, kicking the tarred sides of his huge wooden barge, 'but you'll be all right: you've got a proper sea boat.'

I stayed another night at the festival, enjoying a second evening of music and general conviviality, then I was up at dawn ready to get underway. A low mist hung over the river and the long row of moored riverboats sat eerily in the steaming water. I waded ashore and walked up into the village to the local boulangerie, where I stocked up with plenty of provisions for the voyage, before returning to my boat.

The silent marquees and hanging bunting slipped away astern, and soon I was alone on the seething current of the great river, sweeping me inexorably onwards, towards whatever perils might lie in wait on the 'last great wild river of Europe.'

The previous day the powerful

engine of Tatus's riverboat had towed Hoel's dinghy back against the current. Today I had no hope of making progress back upstream under oars. I had left the festival and I was not coming back.

I lay in the bottom boards and watched the French countryside glide past. The sun rose in the sky and soon it became very hot. There was not a breath of wind, but the smooth waters of the Loire were carrying me forwards at a steady 3-4 knots.

My boat rotated slowly in the current, drifting sideways and sometimes backwards through the scenery. Lounging on cushions, I was frequently on the verge of dozing off, but every time my lids began to drop, my repose was interrupted by the urgent rippling of an approaching buoy. Then I had to get up and row, to avoid being swept down onto the navigation mark.

The river wound through lush farmland, its course divided into many different channels by long wooded islands, but the main navigation channel was always clearly marked by the balisage. I saw few other boats using the waterway, only the occasional fisherman casting from a small open boat.

Unknown towns and villages glided by, a pile of red-tiled and slate roofs clambering up to a tall church tower; and every so

often a huge bridge would sweep overhead. At first they were usually of stone, but further downstream they were increasingly of iron: great multi-spanned viaducts marching assertively across the wide river.

I met the tide some miles before the city of Nantes.

Fortunately it was fair, and the ebb combined with the freshwater stream to rush me ever onwards. There was also now a good wind, blowing up the river from the sea. I hoisted sail, and tacked onwards through the suburbs of Nantes. By this time the river had lost its rural charm and had become unashamedly industrial, hemmed in by high embankments. Multi-story buildings overshadowed its muddy waters and modern trams swished past along the quaysides.

Beside the lock where the lovely River Erdre joins the Loire was a big grey pontoon, with various commercial craft lying alongside it. The tide was now very strong, hustling me rapidly forward. I could not risk a landing in the strong stream for fear of falling in, and soon the pontoon had slipped away astern.

Eventually the river brought me into the docklands area of Nantes. Here I found another long pontoon against the right hand bank, with a handful of white yachts and a large grey naval vessel moored alongside it. I was determined to land this time. Unfortunately the pontoon was located on the outside of a bend where the current ran very strongly. I rowed fast against the stream, but the pontoon kept slipping past.

In desperation I gave a great tug at my oars and ferry-glided into a large gap between two moored yachts. Unshipping my oars, I reached out and grabbed a cleat as it shot past. Immediately the bow of my boat swung out into the stream and the force of the water ripped the cleat out of my hand. I lunged at an oar, dropped it into the sculling notch and sculled furiously to avoid hitting the next moored yacht. *Avel Dro* slid clear, and then the river thrust her onwards. Soon

this second pontoon had also vanished astern.

I had no choice but to carry on rowing past the vast fitting-out berths of Nantes shipyard, where they still build Atlantic liners. I gazed up at the huge cranes, wondering why we are no longer able to build large merchant ships in Britain anymore.

So far I had been sailing without recourse to a map or any pilotage information, other than the helpful advice from the boatmen of la Possonnière, but at last I could refer to the wisdom of the North Biscay Pilot. This volume covers the tidal Loire in some depth, even including an full page chartlet of the river between Nantes and St Nazaire. But the authors clearly do not think much of the river as a place to sail for pleasure. They advise yachts against navigating it: but if they must, they consider that the marina in the Nantes suburb of Trentemoult is the only safe place to moor a yacht on the whole tideway upriver of St Nazaire.

The 'marina' at Trentemoult turned out to be a grubby little inlet in the left bank, where a motley collection of boats were beginning to settle into deep glutinous mud. I was too late on the tide to reach any of the pontoons, but just managed to come alongside a battered and muddy vessel lying to a buoy outside the marina, before I too dried out in the mud.

I made fast to the boat and put up my tent cover. The sun was setting into the river to the west, and the waterfront of Trentemoult looked very pleasant in the golden light, but there was no way I could get ashore. I looked longingly at the waterside bars less than 50 yards away, completely inaccessible across the mud.

As I had not intended to make a coastal passage, I had not loaded any charts for Biscay into my chartplotter, and my paper charts only covered the Quiberon Bay area. Accordingly, my plan for the next morning was to rise early and then row

back into the centre of Nantes. I intended to moor my boat to one of the pontoons, then go ashore and look for somewhere to purchase a chart of the sea area beyond St Nazaire. But I had underestimated the amount of fresh water coming down the flooded river. By the time that the incoming tide had floated me off in the morning, there was already a strong current rushing downstream. I tried to row against it, but it was futile. Soon I was being swept away helplessly downstream. Eventually I ended up moored against a huge steel peniche, well below Trentemoult.

I ate my breakfast and pondered what to do. Although I could get ashore across the barge's decks, I could easily waste a whole tide wandering around the city looking for a chart agent. Meanwhile a fair current was going to waste, and St Nazaire was still a good day's sail away. I decided to carry on.

Judging from their gloomy opinion of the river, the compilers of the North Biscay pilot had a miserable time investigating the tidal Loire. Depressed by their negativity, I drifted slowly through the cargo port of Nantes, in fear of what I would find in the long reaches before St Nazaire.

It was another hot and sunny day, and the light wind soon dropped away. Below the docks, the river had a lofty air-draft designed for Atlantic liners, and somewhat

over-generous for a little dinghy. The Nantes ring road spanned the river on a huge concrete viaduct, soaring high above me – the last bridge before St Nazaire.

Once I had cleared the docks, the countryside became very attractive, and surprisingly reminiscent of the Norfolk Broads. Beyond the reed-lined banks, flat and fertile fields extended to the horizon, broken by belts of trees and ridges of high ground.

I drifted past attractive towns on the banks of the tideway, linked to the far bank by busy car ferries, and saw many comfortable mooring places. It was all very pleasant, despite the Pilot Book's hatchet job.

Eventually the river widened into a great estuary flowing through flat marshland. Now there were no more towns and few buildings of any kind. In one of these empty lower reaches the canal de la Martinère branched off the river: the notorious graveyard of France's proud square-riggers during the depression of the interwar years, when it was lined with laid-up sailing ships that never voyaged again.

A little open fishing boat emerged from a tidal creek leading to the canal. They putted across and

Sailing without map or chart, Avel Dro drifted past many unknown and nameless places on the River Loire, like this prominent church.



hailed me:

'Bonjour monsieur' they began. After asking me where I had come from and where I was going, they told me what they were doing. 'We are about to lay a long drift net across the river in front of you, but you'll be OK if you go round the right hand side of the yellow buoy at the end of it. Once you are past us, keep looking out for another boat doing the same thing further on. Bon voyage et bon courage, monsieur !'

There was still not a breath of wind, and I knew that shortly I would be meeting the flood tide. I needed to find somewhere to moor-up while I waited for the new ebb.

My Pilot Book marked a long creek joining the river on the right hand bank. Sure enough, I found a gap in the mud banks, marked by steel withies, where a narrow channel entered the river between reed fringed banks.

A few yards upstream, a homemade pontoon extended out from the bank. I made fast to it and went ashore to eat my lunch in the shade of a tree. The lush fields beyond the creek were carpeted with yellow flowers and populated by cows, lazing in the deep green grassland. There was no habitation in sight, other than a

Avel Dro moored in a small creek on the tidal Loire, waiting for the tide. The drogue over her stern keeps her lying quietly in the stream.



group of tall chimneys breaking the horizon far to the west. Full of food, I stretched out lazily in the shade and soon fell fast asleep, cushioned by the soft grass under the trees.

Much later I was awakened by the noise of a large coaster powering up the river. She throbbed past, her wash sweeping across the mudbanks behind her. If ships were coming upriver, it was obviously nearly high water. Soon the flood tide would be slackening: it was time to set off again.

Drifting down river, little changed in the flat landscape, except that the group of chimneys on the western horizon slowly grew larger. Eventually I could make out a row of massive edifices with the EDF logo on them. There was a continuous rumble from a giant rotating scoop, busy emptying coal from a huge black lighter that was being sucked automatically into a dock beneath it. A loaded lighter waited its turn, in the care of two huge push tugs.

Just beyond the power station I felt the first stirrings of a sea breeze. I hoisted sail and soon I was making reasonable progress down river, but nowhere near as fast as a small plywood yacht that was motoring astern of me, an outboard clamped to her transom. She quickly overtook me and whined away into the distance.

By the time I reached St Nazaire the breeze had freshened and was kicking up a steep chop against the outgoing tide. I tacked back and forth between the navigation buoys, the muddy water sweeping me onwards towards a vast viaduct spanning the mouth of the river. The little yacht had also hoisted sail. Our tacks crossed and recrossed as we plunged through the steep brown waves, past the busy docks of St Nazaire and out under the high concrete span of the motorway bridge.

Evening was approaching, and I was also rapidly approaching the edge of the chartlet in my Pilot Book. Fortunately there was a chartlet on the Pilot Book's index page showing the layout of the sea beyond the mouth of the river. Unfortunately it was marked 'not for navigation'.

I considered stopping to buy a chart in St Nazaire. My Pilot Book informed me that pleasure craft were permitted to lock into the town's commercial docks, but I was reluctant to venture into there, as dinghies and ship locks do not mix happily. I was confident that I would reach a decent haven to spend the night, where I could buy a chart the next morning.

My aim was to get to Pornichet, a large modern marina on the Atlantic coast, some 10 miles further on. The little French yacht was still tacking seawards. It looked like her crew knew what they were doing, so I followed her out into the west.

St Nazaire had dropped a couple of miles astern when the westerly wind suddenly dropped away in the gathering dusk. The yacht started up her outboard and I started rowing again. The tide was still pushing me out to sea, but also setting me onto large shoal in the middle of the estuary, where numerous grim brown rocks poked out of the smooth swell.

I might have no chart, but I had not come out to sea with no navigation aids. My chartplotter was still capable of giving a course and speed readout, and my iPhone was loaded with a full set of digital



Avel Dro seen from above, with two reefs in her sail

charts for the area. It had helped me in ticklish situations before, and I knew it worked.

I gazed at the iPhone's small screen. It did not have happy news. At rowing speed the tide was going to put me onto the shoal, whatever I did. I had no choice but to row straight through the middle of the shoal. I felt rather ridiculous playing dodgems with rocks on the edge of the Bay of Biscay, with the wide Atlantic to the west.

Numerous ships were approaching up the buoyed channel. There was no danger of any of them hitting me in the middle of the shoal, but I was not keen on spending all night there. I was hoping to find a sheltered anchorage on the northern shore of the estuary, but I needed to cross the crowded navigation channel to get there.

It was getting dark, so I hoisted my masthead light, then rowed diagonally across the tide until I was close to the edge of the deep water channel. I waited for a gap in the stream of ships, that rushed by in a blaze of deck lights. My little boat rose and fell in the smooth swell, illuminated by the blinking green light of a starboard-hand buoy.

After all that rowing, the northern shore of the estuary was a sad disappointment. The swell was much more menacing when you heard it smashing against sea cliffs, and even in the dark I could see flashes of white foam where it seethed over shoals at their feet. I had no choice but to carry on rowing out to sea.

I was not too downhearted. Surely once I got past the red occulting lighthouse on the Pointe d'Aiguillon, at the northwestern extremity of the estuary, I would pick up the flood tide running northwards up the coast?

I rowed hard for the best part of an hour, but the red light on the Pointe d'Aiguillon remained obstinately in the same place. Finally I consulted the chartplotter, which reported that I was making only half a knot over the ground. It suddenly dawned on me that the flood would not run northwards up the coast, but southwards into the gaping mouth of the Loire. Five hours of foul tide lay ahead of me: if there was no night breeze, that meant five hours of continuous rowing, to avoid being dashed onto the sea cliffs.

Should I call up the coastguard, I wondered? As if it had read my thoughts, my VHF cracked into life. It was a Pan Pan call from someone

else who was thinking the same thing – the little French yacht I had followed down river. After all that motoring, they had run out of fuel and were becalmed just to seaward of me, in danger of being set onto the rocks.

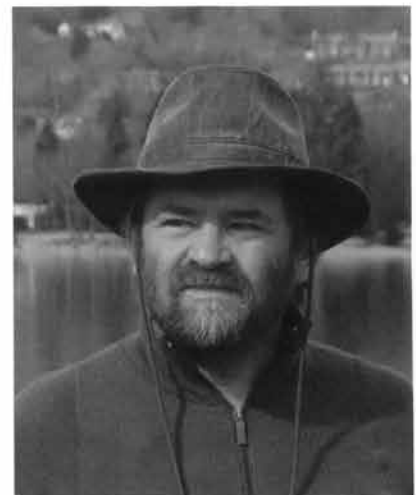
'Ha!' I thought, 'that is what happens when you rely on an engine, rather than having oars and plenty of food to keep you going, like me!'

I rowed onwards in the dark, gloating. Meanwhile a blue flashing light moved across the sombre sea and stopped a few cables away. Soon the VHF gave the glad news that the lifeboat had taken the yacht in tow.

Just after midnight, the long-awaited night breeze finally arrived, blowing strongly off the land. I hoisted sail and sailed onwards, rejoicing, to arrive at Pornichet at 2 am, having sailed 35 miles since Nantes. I put up the tent cover and tumbled into bed.

Next morning, I equipped myself with many charts from Pornichet marina's well-stocked chandlery, then sailed along the coast to le Croisic for the night. The following day I made a direct passage out of sight of land, hard on the wind, straight for the Golfe du Morbihan, where I joined the maritime festival only two days later than I had originally planned. There I met up with many friends, including the DCA's intrepid John Perry. Bizarrely, he had not arrived by boat!

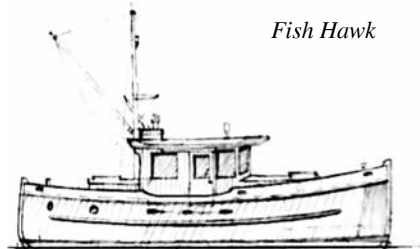
Roger Barnes



Historical note: Just before World War II broke out, Congress established the Coast Guard Reserve and later re-designated it as the Coast Guard Auxiliary (which every yachtsman knows well) but its present-day function is quite different now from what it was in 1942. After Pearl Harbor, one of its major duties was to conduct patrols of harbors, shorelines, and inlets. The Reserve was organized into flotillas and were assigned to patrol specific areas. Many of the boats they used were donated, and many were still just private powerboats that were used on a temporary basis.

To me, New York harbor was a vast panorama of all kinds of merchant ships, tugs, barges, and warships, and this was especially true when I was a kid, at the start of World War II, what with convoys assembling every few days; I took every opportunity I could to observe this grand spectacle, and the U.S. Coast Guard gave me ringside ticket to the show that I will never forget.

Shortly after Pearl Harbor, as soon as I learned about the organization, I lied about my age and signed up, and I spent many, many schooldays (as I was a well-practiced truant) during 1942 and part of 1943 on patrol. The flotilla I joined had a full-time boat, named *Fish Hawk*. She was painted gray and flew a Coast Guard ensign. I don't know how they acquired her, but she was a comfortable, beamy old 38' boat with a wooden hull (of course fiberglass had not yet appeared on the scene), with a 3-cylinder Diesel. It appeared from her fit and finish that she had been a workboat of some sort in her earlier career. She looked almost exactly like the William Garden design in the drawing.



Fish Hawk

Our flotilla was charged with the patrol of Upper New York Harbor, from the Narrows, up the west shore of Brooklyn, then across the East River under the Manhattan Bridge, and then south along the lower Manhattan east shore to the Battery and back to the Narrows.

One of the problems facing the flotilla was manning the boat, which needed a crew of at least three; on weekends, when most members were free, there was no problem getting volunteer hands, but it was sometimes hard to fully man the boat during the week. As a result, because of my availability, I was a welcome recruit. The skippers were selected on some sort of rotating schedule of the more senior officers, mostly boat owners; the crew was made up of volunteers. Almost all the skippers in the flotilla were affable and knowledgeable seamen.

One of them had a father who was captain of a harbor tug, and we frequently ran into him on patrol. We would pull up within hailing distance and exchange greetings and small talk for a few minutes; it was a real pleasure to be with them and to learn what they had to teach. There was one skipper, however, with whom I had a hard time get-

Don't Give a Toot

By Joseph Ress
charles.river@rcn.com

ting along; fortunately I only shipped with him three times. My troubles with him started in the Gowanus Canal.

Included within our patrol zone was the Gowanus Canal in Brooklyn; it was an absolutely filthy place; its murky depths concealed all kinds of waste, and in those days, it was notorious for containing bodies for which the Mafia needed immediate disposal. Well, the *Fish Hawk*, in an early patrol, while nosing about in this aquatic cesspool clogged her cooling intake with debris and other garbage, so that her engine overheated dangerously. That put her out of commission until the clog could be reamed out and the pump repaired.

But since the Gowanus was part of our beat, we had to continue to patrol it. So "someone in authority" dreamt up a scheme to try to avoid future blockages. It was a simple measure: in future, while the boat proceeded slowly through the muck of the canal, a crew member, armed with a long spar would stand on the fo'c'sle and push aside as much of the trash and other refuse as he could as we poked our way in and out of the canal. As ridiculous as it sounds, it evidently worked, because the intake never clogged again.

On my first patrol, as the *Fish Hawk* headed slowly into the Gowanus Canal, the skipper took me up onto the foredeck and showed me how to handle the push-aside spar. It was an old tent pole with a spike on top, probably used with outdoor tents. Now I was sure that he didn't like me because I sensed that he was getting some pleasure out of allocating this odious task to me, but then again I was the most junior member of the crew. So, as we entered the canal, I stood up on the bow, with my tent pole as my implement, dejectedly pushing aside some pretty disagreeable flotsam. Actually this was far from what I thought a marine patrol would entail.

I hadn't been up there on the fo'c'sle for more than a couple of minutes when I spotted a particularly disgusting item floating on the surface. Now back in those days (1942-ish), just about every young man between the ages of 13 and 18, upon discovering the presence of any disgusting object, would call it to the attention of all compatriots present in a loud and boisterous manner, with appropriate comments as to its origin and or use. As a consequence, under the circumstances which then obtained, I felt it my duty to harpoon this item. So, thrusting again and again, I tried to impale it, but it eluded me, and in the end, it went gurgling down the side of the *Fish Hawk*. I quickly recovered my composure, and was rewarded a few minutes later when another one appeared. I was more success-

ful this time. I skewered it; Queequeg could have done no better. Then, believing this to be absolutely hilarious, I raised the tip of my spear with the disgusting thing on it, and turned to show it to my shipmates who were in the pilot house.

Well, the skipper, who was a straight-laced fellow, didn't think it was at all amusing; in an instant he rushed up onto bow and upbraided me with a ferocity far exceeding the perceived misdemeanor. The man was utterly humorless, a real Puritan, and I added his name to my personal list of odious characters.

I shipped with that same skipper (the Puritan) twice more. My next encounter was the following year; in early 1943, when the newly-commissioned battleship, *USS Iowa Bb61*, came to New York and anchored in Lower New York harbor for a short visit. (footnote: the *Iowa* later distinguished herself in WW2; she fought in the Marshall and Marianas Islands campaign, she was part of the famous Task Force 58, sank the Japanese battle cruiser *Katori*, fought continuously in the western Pacific and Philippines, and ended the war as Admiral Halsey's flagship in Tokyo Bay at the surrender).

Apparently, the navy didn't want a gaggle of sight-seers and bumboats around so they asked the Coast Guard for help in keeping the anchorage clear. Thus, the *Fish Hawk* was pulled from her regularly assigned patrol and was seconded to the *Iowa* for picket duty. We came alongside the giant ship, and let me tell you - she was BIG - and reported to the Officer of the Deck, who ordered us to circle the *Iowa* at about 400 yards, and to keep any unauthorized vessels clear of her.

We orbited the *IOWA* all that day, and I must say that we did a creditable job of isolating her. On one pass in the late afternoon, the OOD waved us alongside, and asked if we wanted to have dinner on the ship. I was elated, as you would imagine any kid would be. At his direction, we tied up to the starboard boat boom. As the Puritan skipper and the other crew members mounted the boat boom ladder, the skipper turned and said, "Joe, you'd better stay with the *Fish Hawk*; we'll bring back something for you" (did I detect a smirk?).

So, unhappily I stayed aboard the bobbing *Fish Hawk* tied to the boat boom. A golden opportunity to have dinner with the crew on a battleship was stolen by this bumptious character. Well, about an hour or so later they returned and we continued our picket duty for the remainder of the day. Bitterly, I made another mental note against the Puritan's name.

The last time I met him was in the late spring of 1943. This was to be my final patrol with the Coast Guard (I had become of age, enlisted in the Navy, and was soon to be shipped out). This last patrol began quite uneventfully. I was at the wheel as we

USS Iowa



came northward up the East River, along the Brooklyn shore; we turned under the Manhattan Bridge, and then we went downstream, skirting the piers of lower Manhattan against a fairly brisk flooding tide.

As we proceeded, we saw, about a hundred yards or so off our port bow, one of New York's many tugboats coming up the East River, unencumbered, making good speed heading northward. Our tracks would pass us port-to-port, and they were far enough apart so that no signal seemed necessary, but the Puritan seemed to think it was. "Give her two", he ordered.

"Two?" I thought; that's nuts, is he going to turn to port and pass ahead of the tug? (For anyone not familiar with the Rules-of-the-Road, two blasts means: I am changing my course to port.) But, since I was not privy to what the skipper had in mind, I gave two yanks on the whistle cord.

The skipper exploded. He pushed me aside, grabbed the wheel, and put her hard right. "Dammit! What did you do that for?" he screamed. (Dammit? from him?)

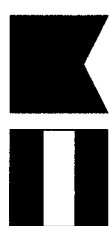
I answered: "You told me to give her two and I did." "No, no", he said, "I told you to give her a 'toot'. A toot. One toot."

I have no idea (even to this day) what the skipper had in mind as he grabbed the wheel from me; the situation required nothing except perhaps another blast in a moment or so, to indicate that we would hold our course and speed. In any event, he kept her hard over, and the *Fish Hawk* continued making a tight turn to starboard. But as it turned out, not tight enough. By that time, we had turned into the space between two Manhattan piers, and, helped by the current, we were closing fast with the pier to the north.

Immediately it became obvious that we could not turn fast enough to avoid hitting the pilings. The skipper threw the engine full astern, but even though we slowed a bit, the flood and her inertia were too much for her rather modest engine. We hit the piling with a thud, and backed off. Then, after a quick inspection below showing no apparent damage, we continued our patrol. (I later learned that a couple of seams had indeed started and needed re-caulking.)

The skipper was mortified, at least for the balance of the patrol, and I considered the score settled, but, to my surprise, I felt sorry for the guy. He thought he was doing the right thing, whatever it was, but I had been a factor in his embarrassment by misinterpreting his order. (In my defense, I can only assert that in all my later years involved with maritime matters I never once heard an order for a whistle blast called a "toot", so I think my misunderstanding was reasonable.) In any event, if I had been more mature at the time, I would have realized that he was really a good man giving his time and effort, and contributing to the war effort, whereas I was just a dumb kid simply having a good time.

It may have been a less-than-glorious ending to my experiences in New York harbor, but I learned a lot and I sure had a lot of fun, and I am ever grateful to the U.S. Coast Guard for the opportunity.



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In early 1962 I read an ad in one of the popular monthly mechanics magazines for do-it-yourself types for a 15' kayak kit from Dedham Kayaks, from the town of the same name in Massachusetts. The total cost of everything, as I recall, including all materials except the final paint, was \$58. Sounds great? Well it wasn't all that cheap in those days fellows.

I had a friend in those days who owned a 15' German built Hammer kayak. This boat was considered to be the top of the line as a slalom kayak and could be rolled very nicely and still carry lots of gear for downriver cruising. Sorry to say, they aren't being built any longer. Fiberglass and plastic kayaks were not yet on the scene, at least not with any great visibility, and most kayaks were either home-built or put together in three or four factories in the world. Fiberglass boats were just a glow on the nearby horizon. What strides have been taking place in these last 25-30 years! Building your own kayak was the best and most economical way to get afloat.

My aforementioned buddy, Milton Duggan, was rich enough to buy the Hammer outright. I was not yet able to come up with the cash to do the same. I'm not sure I will ever be able to do that. Oh, well, pay later, huh?

The Dedham went together very easily over two or three days, but I looked at it for several days before I threw caution to the wind and read the building instructions. Sounded like a "five thumbed" hacker could really have a chance if he paid attention to what the instructions said. And the instructions were simple enough to any knothead willing to pay attention. O.K. Go for it. Dedham must have been right because in 25 plus years that original cover is still alive and well. Only an occasional paint job and dry storage were the special care it had. Boysen Plasolux used to make a paint that was the best hard-surfaced enamel I've ever used, 'til they changed the formula. Pity.

Ultimately, building that Dedham kayak was so much fun that I began building kayaks and boats as a hobby, then after I retired from a career as a fire fighter, I continued to build kayaks as a home business to keep myself busy and supplement my reduced income. After building 14 kayaks in one year I "burned out" and I never even got to paddle one of them. I helped design two kayaks and that will be another story. But I digress badly here.

In the course of finishing the Dedham, I realized I needed a paddle, and being resourceful, I built one using 1/4" plywood and a closet pole, which would reveal its true worth later on.

25 Years Ago in **MAIB**



First Stroke, the Paddle Broke

Milton suggested we christen the new kayak with a trip on the Sacramento River from the city of Redding to Red Bluff, a distance of 50-75 miles, depending on which "old timer" you happened to be talking to about it at the time. One "old timer" even claimed it was 100 miles. I doubted that could be possible but a rule of thumb in California was to double the road miles between cities or launch sites to estimate the on-the-water distance. It generally worked pretty well for us on our trips, anyway. This formula would give us a distance of 64 miles for our proposed trip.

Actually the trip we had planned was to be much longer as we had three days and no experience. We really had planned the trip to be approximately 220 miles and would take the whole three days. By paddling early and late we figured we could do it. Boy, it doesn't pay to assume!!

The agreed upon meeting place was to be Knights Landing, a tiny village on the Sacramento River just a few miles above the city of Sacramento. There we would transfer my kayak to his cartop and leave my old Chevy Suburban there for the shuttle. A friend of Milton's was to come along and drive Milt's car back to San Jose, where we were based. This would save us a long trip back to Redding to pick up his car afterwards.

In theory this sounded fine, but the agreed upon meeting time came and went. 9 a.m. became noon, then melted into afternoon; slowly waned to 4:20 p.m. when Milton finally appeared. I was seething in frustration by then and the trip on up to Redding was a

quiet one, to say the least. I already knew we were never going to make it all the way, as we had already lost so much of our available time. Milton was just to darned "laid back" and I was in no mood to forgive. We still had about two hours before we could launch and by then it would be coming on dark. Maybe we could paddle after dark. Milton was positive there would be a moon. Sure there was! A new moon, and it was barely bright enough to see at sundown, which was when we arrived in Redding.

The waters of the Sacramento are very cold the year around as the great Shasta Dam is just upstream of Redding and the river comes from the bottom of the dam. Cold! And I mean COLD! In the approximately 82 miles that we finally did paddle, that water never warmed more than a degree or two.

The sun had set over the western pines in the hills of Redding when we entered our boats. What a feeling to enter your own boat for the first time! It seemed to be as light as a feather, even with all the camping gear aboard. The new paddle was sorta springy feeling, but not knowing what a paddle was supposed to feel like, I made a few bold strokes...and promptly broke one end off the paddle. One-quarter inch plywood was not the best choice for paddle material. The water was moving pretty fast and darkness was filling us with apprehension as we neared the first set of rapids. They sounded serious! I say, "sounded", as we couldn't really see them in the dark. I was paddling and switching hands with my one-ended paddle as

we went into these, the first of several, loud and scary rapids. As it later turned out, these rapids were probably class 1/2-1 and weren't dangerous, but they sure sounded bad. Then I took an extra hard stroke and broke the other blade off the paddle!

The memory of that baptism into paddling is still strong and I can still smell the cottonwoods and aquatic plants and the wet clean smell of the river. Even in my fear, it was delicious.

At this point I was reduced to paddling with just the remaining closet pole with remnants of the plywood blades on the ends and, as I look back, it wasn't all that bad, but there in the middle of a dark river with the sound of the next set of rapids growing louder, panic took over! "Milt, Milt, I haven't any paddle, I'm outta control! Where are you?" I was sure I was in mortal danger. Milton materialized out of the darkness and handed me half of his paddle. They come apart in the middle, you know. Good Ole Milton, forgiveness flowed through me, man, he could be late anytime he wanted. I was really glad he was there. I loved him!

We realized there was no percentage in trying to travel at night so after drifting another mile or so, we pulled out on the west shore. Camp was warm and comfortable in the firelight which lit up the cottonwood grove in which we camped. Three or four years later a housing project swallowed up our campsite, turning it into a mass of foundations and streets. Sad.

The next morning we discovered our cottonwood grove was a really neat place and we enjoyed breakfast of a quart of orange juice apiece. An hour or so later we had diarrhea explosions on the river bank in full view of a herd of dairy cattle. There was no alternative, it was then and there or we would be paddling the smelliest kayaks in California. Orange juice in such quantities can cause a "class 5 case of the squirts"!

The drift downstream developed into a series of long drifts in glassy smooth water punctuated by short stretches of white water, most of which I now know never exceeded class 2. As novices, we were having a blast in all that "rough water".

Around 10 a.m. on what was now Saturday morning, we arrived at Balls Ferry, a resort campground run by two of the most generous, loving people, Don and June. They laughed at our chagrin as they told us of hundreds of Boy Scout troops that had built fleets of their own kayaks and paddled down the stretch of river we were on. We felt we were real novices by now. We described how we had run the rapids in the dark and how the paddles had lost their blades. Don

and June both told us we were right in feeling fear because running rapids in the dark is NOT smart. To show how very special these two people were, June, on learning that we were in need of a paddle, recalled an old paddle her son had made and had stashed under one of the cabins. She crawled under the cabin, with its attendant spiders and who knows what other woolie-boogers, to get this paddle and present it to me as a gift, free. She became indignant when I begged her to accept payment for it.

On our very next trip we were to discover, to our great sadness, that this lovely, generous lady had been killed in an auto accident at Christmas that year and that her husband Don had sold out in his grief and despair. We mourned his loss as our own.

The need to hurry on was ever in our minds and we departed after a few beers and giving our solemn promise to stop by when we came downriver again. Don and June followed us to the dock to wave us on our way.

In the early afternoon we paddled through "Chinese Rapids" where the entire Sacramento River narrows to no more than 100 feet and sometimes is nearer to 40 feet wide. Great upwellings called "boils" suddenly turn into whirlpools that begin to spin in huge counterclockwise vortices that have frighteningly large funnels in their centers. This phenomenon can be a fearful thing to look into at closer range. On a later trip I had this very thing happen to me, and besides being very cold and into shock, I was drawn down very deep and felt great pressure in my ears. I think "fearful panic" would somewhat describe the feeling I had when I was spat back to the surface after what had seemed an eternity under those freezing waters. Maybe that deserves to be another story.

Again I have digressed, so back to the present story. After the "Chinese Rapids" came a long stretch of smooth, quiet water and a time to discuss our situation and whether we were crazy or just plain stupid. We passed under "Jelly's Ferry" bridge and on around a long curve eastward and then came to a stretch we had been warned about, "Iron Canyon". This turned out to be a beautiful run and not very dangerous, just a fun ride on an express chute. The water pours over and around some very big, house sized boulders that could be dangerous to the paddler who panicked and didn't stay ahead of his boat's progress a bit in planning his route. As this was our first time through, we were on the verge of panic most of the way. Later on when we were more experienced we would look forward to this ride and regret that it ended too soon. The deep pools and eddies were great

places in which to rest and reflect on the "Canyon" and the alive feeling the river gives as a bonus to those who love it and want to be on it at almost any cost.

I have not mentioned the wildlife that was in abundance then along the Sacramento. At one place I was able to drift to within a paddle's length of a BIG four-pointer mule deer drinking his fill. He never knew I was in the vicinity until I spoke and warned him that he could become somebody's winter supply of meat if he didn't watch out. Even then he wasn't all that afraid of me.

At the end of "Iron Canyon", the river turned sharply left and at this turn was a long low ledge that had some scrub pines and manzanita growing against the bluff. The extraordinary thing here was a congregation of turkey vultures, gathered as though planning their next cleanup job on whatever floated by that would make a meal. We both said we were grateful it wouldn't be us. At least not on this trip. It was amazing to get so close to vultures, which are so very shy when man is around and make themselves scarce. A drifting kayaker who is quiet will always get closer to wildlife than a land-bound hunter. Eskimos knew the way to get close to whales, seals, walruses and caribou, using these quiet, unobtrusive boats. Sometimes I feel today's "clorox bottle" paddlers who are only interested in competition are missing the best part of what kayaking has to offer.

Red Bluff hove into view and we were happy to leave the kayaks and trot uptown for some 50/50's. These are beer and tomato juice mixed 50/50. Good stuff! We debated on the wisdom of continuing on and decided to go on as far as we could before either being forced to leave from lack of time or from exhaustion. I was already exhausted, but I couldn't admit it. How foolish we are in our pride! Our trip was already approximately 60 miles in length and we were going on despite having numb backsides and burning shoulders from endless paddle stroking.

After some more 50/50's, and despite all those hours already spent in the cockpits, we left on the questionable pleasure of enduring more torture. Are any of you fellow paddlers identifying with this? More than will admit, I'll bet.

The next six miles we drifted along and dozed with our boats tied together with the bowlines. Then I awoke with a start, we were stopped! The bowlines had caught on a snag sticking up in the river and we had swung together. So we untied and began paddling. The prospect of ever reaching my old Chevy Suburban was now beyond all possibility, but for some reason we kept

on in a spirit of competing, or maybe because the task was not going to be finished, or maybe because we had just plain lost our good sense.

Sundown, evening came, night birds and bats came out for the insects that also came with the approaching darkness. A bullbat, which is a night bird of the nightingale family, came down in a power dive and flew straight at me at head level, forcing me to dodge his strafing attack. I was amazed at his speed. Bullbats are found in most rural farm areas and on the high deserts in California, Nevada and Arizona. They look like bats in flight, thus their name.

Now we were again running rapids by sound in the now almost total darkness. One final rapid which was very loud and was a bit more than I liked, and I yelled to Milton, "I'm through, finished, beat, and we are going to get hurt if we keep on like this." His answer was lost in the noise of the rapids. I yelled again and this time he agreed we had done enough. I struggled to an eddy and as my bow struck the sand of the bank, a large trout leaped from the water and landed on my sloping deck. My frantic grab only helped him back into the water. At least it gave me a shot of adrenalin that got me out of my kayak without turning over or falling into the water. Exhaustion can turn even a strong man into a bumbling, fumble-fingered being who cannot even untie his

shoes, much less act rationally.

I dragged the boat up on the beach above the waterline several feet and felt around for my sleeping bag. Milton came ashore a few yards downstream. We were both too tired to say much and much too tired to eat anything. Without comment we both knew the trip was over. We worked our way to a small clearing in the rabbit brush and scrub willows and threw our sleeping bags down. I was asleep almost before I had worked my way inside. Milton also was asleep almost instantly.

Morning sun beating on my eyelids forced me awake and I became aware of the sounds of the rapids we had come through before giving up last night. The smell of the river was a delicious and inviting thing. The day began to run through my mind. How far would we have to paddle on before we could take out? How far could we paddle if it came to that? Today was it, we had to get home before work on Monday and the Chevy was close to 100 miles away. I tried to roll over. "Oh, my God! I'm paralyzed!" I couldn't move. I tried again. No way! I really couldn't move!

I thought of a thousand reasons why I was unable to move. Had I injured a nerve, had I caused something to happen by overexerting my body? Did I sit too long and do something to my spine? A neck injury, perhaps? I am built like a fireplug and have lived with a tendency to have muscles knot up and expect those well known "Charlie Horses" to catch me in my own trap when I have overdone some activity. But this was different. I could NOT move!

"Milton!! Wake up!!!" I yelled. "Milton, hey man, wake up, I can't move, something's wrong!!!" Milton groaned and began to slowly come awake. "Milton," I yelled again, "something's really wrong, I can't move!"

Milton began moaning, "I can't move either, I think I hurt myself!" The thought hit me, we had drunk water from the river yesterday, was it full of poison or bacteria? Polio? Oh, my God! Could it be that? Panic was beginning to rear its ugly head. "It feels like I can move my hand," Milton, mumbled. "Unh, yeah, I think I'm moving my hand." I tried again to move and my arm did move a little. Oh, boy! Relief began to flood through me, but I still had a long way to go before I was able to roll over onto my hands and knees. I looked at Milt, he was on his knees and staring at his sleeping bag. The truth, when it dawned, was as welcome as the morning sun. In our exhaustion last night we had not paid any attention to where we had dropped our sleeping bags. Instead of being on smooth sand, they had been placed on a field of river

boulders that ran 4" to 10" in size, and these stones had felt like a featherbed in our condition. They had been as soft as down as we had collapsed into the sleep of the dead. Dead tired, that is.

Sound unlikely? Ask some of those "muscle burned" kayakers who have paddled too long how you can do things that are unlikely when you are worn out. I can say, in retrospect, that we were foolish to continue on as long as we did and in so doing lost a lot of the fun of this first adventure. I have to say also that we didn't use good judgement and pushed ourselves beyond reasonable limits. The river boulders gave us some sort of acupuncture treatment that apparently helped our brains more than our bodies.

After some stretching and exercising we were able to launch, not at 100% but at least on our way to a take out. After only a mile of paddling we were again burning in our muscles and luckily, we came then to the town docks of the little farming community of Los Molinas. We pulled the kayaks out here and walked uptown and had breakfast. We agreed we had run ourselves to ground and that I must hitchhike the 130 miles to get the old Chevy and then retrieve our boats. Sunday is not a good day to hitchhike through the upper Sacramento valley farm country, especially if you are a scruffy looking, bewhiskered kayaker. But, the second car to come along provided my chariot. The first, Old 99E, went by pretty fast as its driver had a lead foot.

My ride was with two ladies, one of whom was old enough to be the mother of the other. The older one was driving, the younger one was drinking her breakfast, a can of Regal Pale Beer. I turned down her generous offer of a second breakfast for myself. After many miles, and a second lift, I arrived at the Chevy and several hours later was back in Los Molinas, now late in the afternoon. I found Milton just arriving back from a walking tour of the surrounding area.

When we got home we figured out the mileage I had covered that day. Including the hitchhiking, I had travelled by land 530 miles and I was pooped. But, I gotta tell you, I was ready to do it again as soon as possible. We later made many more trips on the Sacramento and on most of the other major rivers in California.

Our kayaking days together ended sadly with Milton's death from pneumonia in 1973. Since then I've paddled with many kayaking companions on rivers, bays and oceans. I may ask to be buried in a kayak, who knows? Trying to paddle 75 miles a day is a good way to end up dead in a kayak, take it from me!

E.G. Ragsdale, West Lake, OR.

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About a month before *Sara B* joined the fleet of Gateley boats Stacy, a student at Syracuse's graduate film making program, called. "I'm looking for an old rowboat for a movie I'm making. Bob Grieg said you might have one."

"Um, yea" said I with a detectable lack of enthusiasm. "I do have a row boat but it's kind of old and beat up. However, I know a guy on Sodus Bay who has a really nice rowboat..."

"Wait a minute" Stacy broke in. "Please. I've called fifty people looking for a row boat." So she talked me into it, insisting that an battered scruffy boat was exactly what she wanted for her movie, set in 1910. I told her I'd send her a photo thinking when she saw *Rowsie's* condition that maybe she'd change her mind.

On an early fall day I crawled under the house and with my husband's assistance, we dragged *Rowsie* forth from the cobwebs and into the daylight and rolled her upright for a look. She had been hibernating under the house for about five years. Fifteen hundred mosquitoes that had sought refuge in her dark interior for the winter took flight. She smelled a bit of possum, probably because they had been sleeping under her. A closer look revealed that the last possum to take a nap down there never awoke. His dead mummified mortal remains were curled up under the forward end deck. After removing the possum I took *Rowsie's* screen shot and mailed it off via email and got an almost immediate response from Stacy, "She's perfect!" We settled on a rental fee of \$75 (big budget cinema this was not) and agreed to meet at dawn three day's hence.

Rowsie is by far the oldest member of our boat 'family'. She probably dates back at least to 1910. She's a 14' cedar planked double ender with 9" pinned ash oars. Her general level of plain painted finish, cheap iron hardware and iron clinch nailed construction suggest she was part of a rental fleet or she was a budget version of a production boat shop's fancier grade of mass produced rowboat. She appears to be truly double ended, I've never been able to detect any asymmetry to her lines anyway. Her seat and oarlock placement is the only clue as to which end goes first. I got her in 1978 from a fellow who said she'd been in an attic for fifty years.

This may be true for virtually every plank in her hull has a crack from being severely dried out. She was crudely rebuilt, a long time ago, with new steam bent ribs nailed in along side the old and new gunnels bolted on. Though rough, the rebuild made her strong enough to survive and keep her shape. I hooked up the hose and ran a few gallons in her to soak her up, and a couple days later we took her off to the movie set on Fair Haven's state park beach.

Stacy's script for *Beware Of The Doldrums* called for a lone woman beset by the pressures and inequalities of urban life to flee her miserable existence and be walking on an empty beach at daybreak when she discovers an old rowboat on shore. She shoves off, rows a bit, and then drifts off to sleep dreaming about small tragedies in her life until she awakes and finds herself in the doldrums where she sits, forced to contemplate the calm wonders of the sea and to eventually accept her lot.

The night before *Rowsie's* debut on the big screen the forecast called for north winds of 10-15 knots 2'-3' waves and temperatures in the low 50's. Not promising for *The Dol-*

Beware the Doldrums

Rowsie Goes to the Movies

By Susan Gately



drum scene. We arose in the pre-dawn darkness and after breakfast headed out with the pickup to tote *Rowsie* over to the park where the empty beach scene was to take place. We arrived to find scudding low gray clouds and 2' waves crashing ashore. The film crew, Stacy, her camera man Kevin, and Krista the hapless actress were at work on the end of a wind whipped jetty. The shivering pale-faced star, dressed in a thin black shawl and long dress as befitting her era stood buffeted by the brisk breeze looking anything but becalmed.

After exchanging brief greetings and studying the wind-tossed lake and the sullen sky we agreed to scrap it. We'd try again on Wednesday afternoon. Take Two was considerably quieter. A light onshore wind and a bit of chop on the big lake sent 6" waves ashore. As official rowboat "wrangler" I looked at the wavelets on the beach and at Krista's high-heeled boots and said, yeah, we can do it. An aluminum boat had been rented from the park's fleet for the camera work and we assembled boats and gear on the beach for the shoot. As we did so, it was evident our actress was going to need a crash course in rowing.

With an onshore breeze and small but incessant waves coming ashore, there was no graceful easy way to shove off the beach, and once off a good strong pull on the oars was required to get through the miniature breakers. Krista was willing though. Eyeing *Rowsie* she asked "Which end goes first?" With a double-ended row boat, it's a legitimate question. "Well your seat and oarlocks are here so that's the front end up there," I told her.

She got in and figured out how to get her knees out of the way without getting her feet and long skirt wet. My inept past repairs of *Rowsie* along with an occasional sloop of a wave over the side had already allowed the accumulation of several gallons in her bottom. Kevin and I rolled up our pants and shoved her off. As Krista untangled her heavy oars and bobbed around in the waves she drifted back on to the beach. We waded out and shoved her off again. And again. After two or three tries she began to get the idea, and despite the bouncy little chop managed to get the oar blades in the water some of the time. Stacy's camera rolled as our heroine flailed away putting out to sea. Nary a doldrum was in sight.

"Ok, come on back" shouted Stacy.

"How do I make it go that way?" called Krista. While we yelled instruction, the wind blew her ashore. Stacy and Kevin now shoved off in the second boat for the dream scene shots. I got *Rowsie* off the sand with a strong shove through the surf getting wet well above the knees as I did so. By now everybody else

was wet so this seemed only appropriate). The two boats rendezvoused for the next scene in which the heroine was to lose an oar and give herself up to the sea's will after realizing she is now trapped in the doldrums.

This scene was a bit tricky to execute. The wind had picked up a bit, and *Rowsie* was still leaking. From my vantage point on the beach, I saw Krista bailing several times. The two rowboats drifted steadily along the shore, rolling and pitching in the chop and slowly but surely heading for the rocks piled along a nearby seawall. I saw Krista put her oars down in the bottom of the boat and go through her panic and try to paddle with her hands routine several times as the wind kept blowing the camera boat out of position. Then as the two boats neared the rocks I started jogging down the beach to render aid. I was too late.

About 10' from the rocks Krista managed to get her oars back in the oarlocks and gave a strong pull. Alas, she'd forgotten which end went first and her effort sent *Rowsie* straight for a sharp-edged boulder. If she crashed she surely would crack a brittle old plank and swamp. As I watched helplessly Kevin leaped out of the aluminum boat and lunged for *Rowsie's* bow, saving her and Krista from certain disaster. His boat now washed up on the rocks banging and bouncing in the surf. Stacy tried to shove it off and sliced open the palm of her hand. I met them halfway. Kevin was wading through the surf, towing the aluminum boat with the wounded director still aboard, while offshore Krista was gamely pulling away to safety. Well, surely that's the end of the movie, I thought.

Nope. The crew regrouped, Kevin went off for the dry pants he had wisely brought along, Krista wrung out her long skirt, and I bailed *Rowsie* while Stacy wrapped her hand in a wad of red spotted Kleenex, took up the camera and declared she was ready for the last scene-the dream in the doldrums. At my suggestion we filmed this scene in a quiet sheltered backwater of the park's duck pond. As I watched the three students at work, I marveled. Bloodied, soaked, and chilled by the raw October wind off the lake, they displayed the resilience of youth. Stacy patiently coached her star through several takes, and she complied with a cheerful professionalism that would have done an experienced actress credit. The artistic drive to create and communicate triumphed over nature's adversity and my inept rowboat repairs.

I don't know if Stacy will ever work as a director, but if she does, she'll be a good one. With her imagination, determination, and persuasive skills, she's going to go far whatever she does. I also now know why movies cost so much to shoot.

For more stories of messing with old boats on Lake Ontario see *Living On The Edge With Sara B* on sale under my name at www.chimneybluff.com



Messing About in Boats, March 2014 – 25

So Small is a 15' West Wight Potter sailboat, vintage 1978. I bought her in 1986. I had never seen nor heard of a West Wight Potter until one of them showed up on Lake Lansing, where I used to sail my Snipe. I talked to the owner who referred me to the manufacturer, HMS Marine, in California. When I called them, they told me to get in contact with Jud Abbott in Shelby, Michigan. Jud told me on the phone that I should come over to Shelby and that he would sell me his boat *So Small*. Jud had a marine store where he sold Potters and Hobie Cats. In the middle of his showroom sat *So Small* on her trailer. She was in mint condition, waxed and polished and loaded with all kinds of accessories, like twin jibs with individual roller furling, spinnaker, a bimini, a British Seagull outboard motor with alternator, all kinds of electronic gear and much more.

Jud had made *So Small* famous. His harrowing, and for him almost fatal, exploits with *So Small* on Lake Michigan were written up in the October/November, 1987 issue of the *Small Boat Journal*. After his rescue, and based on his experiences, he had made some significant modifications on the boat which made it safer and considerably more seaworthy. I fell in love with the boat as it sat there in the showroom, made him an offer and trailed her home to East Lansing a week later. Jud had made some substantial concessions, and I really felt that he wanted me to have her. I was almost 60 years old.

There began for me an adventure of which little boys may dream. I took her out on weekends to the beautiful lakes of northern Michigan such as Lake Charlevoix, Lake Letenau, Torch Lake, Otsego Lake and Grand Traverse Bay. One of my first outings was on Otsego Lake. I sailed all Saturday afternoon, and in the evening I anchored her close to an undeveloped shore. I crawled into the cozy cabin and through the open hatch I looked at the stars, which seemed to sway sideways back and forth as the boat rode the gentle swells. In the early morning I marveled at the pale pastel sky and the quietude across the lake. I jumped out of the boat and splashed around in the knee-deep water. Some of the lakes had small docks, provided by the Michigan DNR, where I could tie up the boat over night. On Sunday afternoons I would trailer her home.

One Saturday I had traveled to Suttons Bay, a little town on a bay of the same name, which in turn is part of the Grand Traverse Bay. I had parked my pickup with the boat near the small marina and had walked across the street for a cup of coffee. When I came back, a middle aged man with a big white beard stood next to my boat, pointed to it and said: "Is this your boat?" (with emphasis on 'this'). He was Tom Grimes, profes-

So Long, So Small

By Otto Suchsland



Bower's Harbor

sor of geography at Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana. He is a passionate sailor and at that time had a Rob Roy in a slip at the marina. He also owned a very old 15' Potter which needed a lot of repairs, which he undertook and completed. He knew everything about Potters, and about *So Small* and we quickly became and have remained good friends to this day.

Well, Tom wanted to know what I was up to. I told him that I wanted to sail to Northport, about 15 miles to the north, stay overnight there and come back the next day. He helped me launch the boat and I sailed out of the marina. I think the wind came out of the west, northwest, which allowed me to sail most of the way on a single tack, a sailor's delight. In Northport I anchored *So Small* in shallow water near the marina, bought a snack in town and then turned in.

About three miles to the east of Northport is a small island called Gull Island. That may not be the name that would be found on nautical charts, but it is a very appropriate one. Many years ago, someone settled on the island and built a house. But the island was home to hundreds, maybe thousands of

seabirds which made life miserable for the settler. He eventually left the island and the house deteriorated. Today there is only the brick chimney standing. I had read about the island and passed it on the way into Northport. When I left Northport early in the morning, I set sail for Gull Island. It was a beautiful morning, the wind was fair, and the sun was coming up in the east.

There resides deep inside every man a tiny element of his boyhood, and under certain conditions this element floats up into his consciousness and makes him feel and act like the little boy he once was. The sail to Gull Island was on of these rare occasions. As I closed in on the little island I felt like an explorer. *Swallows and Amazons* came to mind, and my little boat grew into a Portuguese frigate exploring the South Seas.

The island is surrounded by big boulders. I jumped into the shallow water and lodged my anchor between two boulders. Whatever trees were left were leafless. Hundreds of birds roosted in them. Most of them seemed to be cormorants and seagulls. There was a strong stench from bird droppings and maybe dead birds. As I walked around, I watched sailboats and motorboats passing in the distance. What if my little boat would break loose and be carried away? I would be marooned on an uninhabited island far away from civilization!

I went back to *So Small* and happily sailed back to Suttons Bay. Tom helped me pull out the boat. He had been polishing brass on his Rob Roy. I asked him: "Why don't you quit polishing and go sailing?"

Tom was a member of the Muncie (Indiana) Sailing Club, which has beautiful facilities on the shore of Prairie Creek Reservoir, just east of town. He knew a number of Potter sailors and organized a meet at the club some years ago in the springtime. There have been many Potter meets there since then, both in the spring and fall. But I remember the first one most vividly. It was a warm weekend, sunny and a light breeze. The fragrance from the flowering black locusts on the opposite side of the lake drifted across the water.

Maybe there were seven or eight Potters, mostly 15 footers but also one or two 19 footers. There is something about Potter sailors. They don't sit around the shore; they sail! They were always out on the lake, their distinctive sails looking like little butterflies. The lake being a reservoir has no development along the shore. It is about three miles long and half to a mile across, with a couple of islands. We sailed up and down the lake, anchored near shore and splashed around in the warm water.

I became friends with most of the Potter sailors and with some of the club members, who sailed bigger boats. The idea of hav-

Gull Island



Lake Letenau



ing similar meets in northern Michigan was kicked around. The first such meet took place in Suttons Bay. There was Tom with his Rob Roy, Harold Dye with his South Coast, Alan Hakonson with his Venture 17 and later with his home-built schooner *Scharnhorst*, Larry Bracken with his 21' Compac, and others in various boats. Most of the skippers were old timers and somebody had designed a T-shirt for us with the inscription "Geezers Go North". The little fleet would sail out of Suttons Bay to Northport or to the Mission Point lighthouse, which is located about a mile off the point, or to Marion Island in the East Bay.

Suttons Bay is a beautiful little town. We had breakfast at Eddie's, where they served delicious huge blueberry pancakes. And there were picnics in the park. But the sailing was the big attraction. I always sailed *So Small* singlehanded. I would sail with the little fleet or set out alone to the Mission Point lighthouse, for instance, sailed around it and then back to Suttons Bay.

Grand Traverse Bay is a part of Lake Michigan, maybe 30 miles long and 15 miles wide. The southern half is bisected by the very narrow Mission Peninsula. It opens to Lake Michigan just north of Northport. Wind and weather conditions are similar to those on the Great Lake. Shoreline features like houses and cottages disappear when sailing in the middle of the bay, and the shore appears pristine, as it must have appeared to the voyagers and to the Indians who traversed the bay in their canoes.

Several times we sailed on Lake Charlevoix with our base at the Irish Marina. We would sail to Hafton Bay, Ernest Hemingway's boyhood home, to Boyne City or to the Landings at the Ironton Ferry, where we would dock for lunch.

Now I am 85 years old and my sea legs aren't what they used to be. I sold *So Small* to Tom Grimes, who has built a house in the hills north of Suttons Bay, where he and his wife Mary spend the summers. So it was goodbye, old girl, may fair breezes fill your sails, always. All I have now are the memories of the good times we had together. And I will always be grateful to Jud Abbott for having put me into this beautiful little boat and for having added a new dimension to my life.

Suspended on the unruly face of the sea,
We are alone, my ship *So Small* and me.

Wind-driven, she charges

With a gallant heel,
As heaving waves gurgle

Under rudder and keel.

She seems quite at home

In her wallowing berth,

As for me, I am nearer heaven than earth.

Sutton's Bay



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ackayak@comcast.net

Pursuant to 19 CFR 4.2, operators of small pleasure vessels, arriving in the United States from a foreign port or place, are required to report their arrival to CBP immediately (see 19 U.S.C. 1433). The master of the vessel reports his arrival at the nearest Customs facility or such other place as the Secretary may prescribe by regulations.

I've been waiting to clear Customs after a twenty-day solo sailing trip from Michigan to Ontario and back. That's the protocol for international voyagers, after all; arrive in port in a new country and you're forbidden to set foot on land until you've been inspected and cleared.

Despite the inconvenience, I've sailed ten miles out of my way to check in here, miles I'll have to earn back tomorrow, with strong headwinds forecast, the need to clear Customs evokes certain romantic notions about what it means to be a sailor. I have become an international voyager. I am, technically, the master of a vessel, a self-directed wanderer using nothing but the power of the wind to propel me, following no schedule but that of wind and wave and weather. The validation of sailorhood that a Customs inspection offers seems worth the hassle.

Clearing Customs on my entry into Canada three weeks ago involved making a phone call from the Hilton Beach Marina courtesy phone after I docked there. The woman who answered the phone asked a few questions:

"What make is your boat?"

"It's home-made," I said. She chuckled.

"How long is your boat?" she wanted to know next.

"Fourteen feet," I said. She laughed out loud, wished me good luck, and gave me a clearance number that I wrote on a scrap of paper I tucked in my wallet, where (small open boats being what they are) it promptly got wet and blurred to illegibility. That was about it.

There are several problems with following protocols for international voyagers when sailing a 14' home-made sailboat. Speed, for one. For reasons involving esoteric principles of hydrodynamics that I don't pretend to understand, a good estimate of a sailboat's theoretical top speed in knots can be found by taking the square root of the boat's waterline length in feet and multiplying it by 1.34. For a 14' boat, that calculation yields a value of about 5 knots, or 5.8mph, a painfully slow jog. And that's top speed, sailing on a broad reach or a run, with a good wind at least partly behind you. Which doesn't happen that often, and almost never when you really need it to.

And distance. An experienced small boat sailor in a boat as slow as mine, a sailor who's playing the odds rather than hoping for exceptions, might expect to cover a little over twenty miles in a typical long day of sailing. But starting from the tip of the Devil's Horn on Cockburn Island, where I last set foot in Canada, and continuing around the southern end of Michigan's Drummond Island to the marina on the north side where I'm waiting to clear Customs, is a distance of roughly fifty miles by the shortest and most direct route, a perfect description of everything that sailing isn't.

Sailboats, after all, rarely travel in straight lines. They go only where the wind allows, which often means a zig-zag series of tacks that, at best, will increase the distance needed to cover to reach a destination by more than 40%. This one I actually have

Unlawful Entry

By Tom Pamperin

enough math to figure out: if I want to sail 6 miles directly upwind and my boat can sail 45° off the wind (mine can't; at least, not with me steering, or maybe it's the home-made polytarp sail) I've got to cover 8.48 miles to get there, sailing the diagonals of two squares whose sides are each 3 miles long. And tacking into the wind is the slowest point of sail, more of an exhausted stagger than a slow jog. I'm not only travelling 40% farther, I'm doing it at half speed.

That kind of thing only happens with headwinds, of course, but I count on having headwinds about half the time and I'm rarely disappointed. So I add 20% to whatever distance I'm trying to cover. That 50 miles from Cockburn Island to the Customs station just became 60 miles, barring adverse wind shifts, currents, helming errors, and a somewhat lackadaisical approach to sail trim, all of which could increase that percentage substantially, and, aboard my boat, usually do. So let's call it 70 miles.

Given these figures as a starting point, even an optimistic sailor knows that it's going to take at least three days to sail from the Devil's Horn on Cockburn Island to the marina on the north side of Drummond Island by the route I've chosen. So, a confession: for the last three nights I've been dragging my boat ashore and camping on the rocky fringes of Drummond Island's mostly uninhabited eastern and southern shores. Which, technically, makes me a criminal.

I had no particular intention of becoming a criminal. There just didn't seem to be any reasonable way around it. Anchor offshore and sleep aboard? I didn't trust the \$5 Farm & Fleet anchor I'd borrowed from my brother, who never used it. I never used it either, just kept it in a bucket in a corner where it was mostly, but not entirely, out of the way. Every now and then the anchor line spilled over the edges of the bucket and wrapped itself around my ankles, threatening to take me to the bottom if we capsized, providing a little extra excitement to those harried moments when things started to get a bit out of hand. It didn't seem fair to ask it to do more.

And although my boat's cockpit is almost long enough to sleep comfortably in, its flat bottom is bisected by a wide plank I glued and fastened to the cockpit floor as a hasty reinforcement for the leaky butt joint joining the bottom hull panels. It's a crude installation, even by my standards, with a dozen screw tips still protruding a good 1/4" from the top of the plank. My rationalization for not grinding them off is that they do such a good job of preventing the float cushions I use for seats from sliding around the cockpit. I have no rationalization for not using the correct length of screw in the first place. That's just how things tend to go with my boats. So staying aboard overnight would be like sleeping on a cruelly uneven bed of nails.

There are other problems that may be worse, though; there's no head on a 14' boat, for instance. So what to do? Arrange a bout of self-inflicted constipation that would see me through the last three days of my trip?

Pursuant to 8 CFR 235.1, an application to lawfully enter the United States must be made in person to a CBP officer at a U.S. port-of-entry when the port is open for inspection.

I arrived at the marina on Drummond Island, then, under false pretenses, intending to report in as required and say nothing about camping ashore for the past three days. After dropping sail and dragging my boat halfway up the marina's concrete boat ramp, I went off to find the Customs office. "CLOSED", the sign in the door read.

There was another sign posting the hours of operation: 12pm to 9pm. I glanced at my watch. 9:21pm. I'd sailed and rowed more than 20 miles that day, the last few hours an overcanvassed run dead downwind under my full 68 square feet of sail, surfing down waves, skirting the edge of a gybe and broach while dodging car ferries and 1,000' ore boats on my way through De Tour Passage, one of the busiest shipping lanes in the Great Lakes. 9:21pm.

Another sign instructed after-hours arrivals to check in by calling a toll-free number from the dockside courtesy phone. I wandered around until I finally found the phone outside the marina store. I picked up the receiver. No dial tone. Nothing. I clicked the lever a few times. Still nothing. I walked back to the Customs office, copied down the number, and walked up and down the docks until I found a power boater who let me use her cell phone. She showed me how to turn it on, and I punched in the number, hit Send. Nothing. "Yeah," she said, "I almost never get a signal here."

Headwinds are headwinds, whether literal or metaphorical, and sometimes progress is impossible. If only I can point high enough to make that channel marker, I think. If I catch a favorable wind shift I can clear that shoal. But I can't. I've noticed a sort of reluctant fatalism in myself about these things lately. I used to try again. And again. I used to grind my teeth and squint defiantly and try one more time. Now I just give up. The power boater gave me a couple of cold beers and some cheese (everyone, apparently, likes to feed open boat sailors), and eventually I dragged my little boat up onto a nearby beach, set up my tent in a corner of the marina playground beside the monkey bars, and went to sleep.

The master of a vessel who fails to report arrival is liable for a civil penalty of \$5,000 for the first violation and \$10,000 for each subsequent violation, and any conveyance used in connection with any such violation is subject to seizure and forfeiture.

The Customs officers arrive a few minutes before high noon, two of them together in a gray and black Border Patrol squad car, wearing gray and black Border Patrol uniforms with radios and guns and handcuffs and shiny boots and gleaming badges and stiff-brimmed drill sergeant hats with chin straps tucked behind their heads. Hair high and tight, aviator sunglasses with mirrored lenses, all of it adding up to an authoritarian military swagger that promises few exceptions and little empathy.

Oh, shit, I think. It hasn't occurred to me that anyone would take all this seriously, not for a boat like mine, and not here. Border Patrol? It's Michigan, not Juarez. And besides, how much contraband can you even fit in a 14' boat that's basically a plywood box with one pointy end? I can barely cram my camping gear aboard as it is, no room for guns or drugs or weapons-grade plutonium. And who in their right mind would hang out in the marina waiting for a Customs clearance if they did have a boat full of whatever

it is I wasn't carrying anyway? No matter; just watching these guys get out of their car had me feeling guilty, and I hadn't even done anything illegal today. At least, nothing I was going to admit to, I instantly decided.

The truth is, I had woken up early, before 7am, and the first thing I had seen when I unzipped the tent was the marina flag already rippling and snapping tautly on its pole, twenty knots straight out of the west, exactly the direction I'd have to sail to reach the mainland where my car and trailer were waiting. 10 miles of stiff headwinds. Hell, my boat can't even go to windward in 20 knots. I'd spend all day zipping back and forth on alternating beam reaches, getting no closer to my car, until I made the inevitable stupid mistake and ended up swimming. Thunderstorms, too. Big ones. I could already see them brewing overhead.

For what? To comply with a law I had already broken? If I want to call it that. I had made a reasonable effort to check in, fought the good fight, tried what there was to try. I had done everything I could short of embracing the truly asinine by hauling my boat a few feet offshore, tossing the anchor overboard to hold us off the beach, and spending the night aboard with waves slapping the flat bottom and screw tips digging into my kidneys. So that morning I hitched a ride to the other side of the island with a local paddling guide who was dropping off rental kayaks at the beach, caught the ferry to the mainland there, picked up my car and trailer, and brought them back on the next ferry. Along the way I stopped for a gyro omelet, my first restaurant meal since Gore Bay six days ago, and still managed to get back to the marina by 11:30am. I even had time to stop by the office and confess to camping ashore, ready to pay my \$8 or whatever.

Ha. Ended up being \$30, 10% of my budget for the entire 20-day trip, gas and groceries included. I retaliated by taking an extra-long, extra-hot shower when they finally gave me the combination to the bathrooms.

For three and a half hours, the Customs officers in their shiny boots and bright badges alternate between scolding me, questioning me about my background and intentions and employment and previous trouble with the law (a speeding ticket 16 years ago), my float plan and place of residence and previous trips abroad (Canada is abroad?), scrutinizing my passport, making phone calls about me, informing me that I could be fined \$10,000, sentenced to 10 years in prison, and have my boat confiscated (go ahead, I wanted to tell them, it only cost me \$300 to build and it's falling

apart anyway), making more phone calls, accusing me of camping illegally (here I pull out the \$30 receipt from the marina, which annoys them), and generally impressing upon me the seriousness of the situation.

They seem fond of using the word "contamination" to describe my behavior. By coming ashore without an inspection, I've begun the process of contamination. By walking up and down the docks to find a phone to borrow, I've spread the contamination further. It's unfortunate that I chose to sleep ashore because now the contamination can't be contained. I've been unsupervised too long for certainty, so now they're dealing with the prospect of an unknown amount of contamination. They have no way of knowing how far the contamination has spread.

It's hard to know what kind of response would be appropriate to all the fuss. Really? I keep thinking to myself, in as incredulous a tone as I can manage. Really? I'm not stupid enough to say it out loud, but I want to. I wouldn't even have admitted to sleeping ashore in my tent, which I suppose is what set the whole security apparatus into such enthusiastic motion, except that the harbor master already knows and he's probably in cahoots with Customs to some degree. But really?

Is anyone safer because a guy in a 14' sailboat he built in his backyard and sailed to Canada and back is being subjected to a rigorous interrogation? That's the world we live in, apparently. Take off your shoes before you put your carry-on bags through the x-ray machine. Stand here for the full-body scanner. Raise your arms a little higher, bend your elbows more. Does anyone even feel safer because of all this?

This is what I want to say to the two Customs officers with their shiny boots and badges. Do you really feel like you're accomplishing anything useful here? Really? I want to ask them if they think I would have stuck around waiting for them for 15 hours if I had anything to hide. I'm tempted to suggest that setting up a system that requires after-hours check-in by telephone without providing a working phone does little to encourage compliance. I even think about asking if they've considered that I could have sailed into the marina, handed off a few kilos of whatever it is I wasn't smuggling, and then anchored out for the night, all without breaking any of the routines they're so protective of now.

But of course I don't say anything because I'm completely powerless. I'm meek and submissive and answer all their questions politely and agree with everything they say, while Really? loops through my mind in an

unvoiced underscore I'm not stupid enough to admit to and huge stormclouds gather overhead, dark and purple as monstrous eggplants. We're going to get hit pretty hard here, and soon, but the questioning drags on. Lightning starts to strobe the sky and the wind drops to an ominous calm and still it continues. But at least the ridiculousness of the whole thing seems to be slowly infiltrating everyone's awareness by this time. While his partner makes more phone calls, and in between reminders about prison sentences and fines, one of the officers starts to imply that he has to do all this, it's out of his control. It's not his choice.

Well, it's sure not my choice. Which leaves me wondering, if he doesn't want it, and I don't want it, why is it happening? How do systems and procedures and regulations persist despite everyone involved recognizing how stupid they are? The officer interviewing me is probably asking himself the same questions, but unfortunately neither of us can admit it to the other. To do so would be to admit that we live in a world where safety and control are largely illusory, and the things we do to persuade ourselves otherwise are pointless, if not completely ludicrous.

When one of the officers finally escorts me down to the beach to inspect my boat a few hours into the interrogation, he doesn't even open the storage compartment or search through my gear. It's suddenly obvious why I didn't spend the night aboard. Just a glance and he turns away, walks back to the office. I think he even has the good grace to be embarrassed.

After a few more phone calls and one last stern scolding, they hand over my passport and send me on my way. I manage to get the boat on the trailer and everything safely and dryly stowed in the car just seconds before the gathering gloom breaks into bursts of hail and fat raindrops that smash against the windshield like splattering bugs. I drive away thinking kind thoughts about the Canadian Customs lady, her laugh, her "good luck", her refusal to make more of things than the occasion deserved. No threats. No mention of contamination.

My little boat bounces along behind me as I pull out of the marina, the cockpit slowly filling with rain, paint peeling from the hull, oarlock pads loosening and splitting off the side decks. Screw tips still sticking from the cockpit butt joint. "Good luck." Sounds about right to me. I pop in a Jimmy Buffet CD and start thinking about next year's trip. Maybe Canada again.



Part One

We're well into our fifth winter, living on the hard here in Almostcanada and, again this year, my boatbuilding/fixing/modifying/kinetic daydreaming was put on hold from about Thanksgiving to about the first week of January. It's a big slice of the Building Season, but, can't be helped. Domestic imperatives. This year, I dreamed up a new set of cabinets, shelves, and whatnot for Kate's sewing room. A worthy task. Just didn't get the *Roughneck* project any closer to launch day. This little diversion from the Main Event ate up a lot of particle board, pine, cedar, and shop time. I'll chalk it up to "practice."



And, then about the time I was ready to shift back to things in the boat shop, along came a sort of impulse purchase. I went out and bought a new-to-me 1947 Allis-Chalmers farm tractor with a snow blade. Waaaaaaay cool, I'd say. Except, I'm really not allowed to indulge in yard-art-with-wheels. I'm not authorized by SWMBO to store any vehicles, boats, or unexpended building materials outside. And, while I can see her point of view, that makes for a lot of racking and stacking on my part. Anyhow.

Little Alice needed a home. This is a problem. What's to do with 3,500lbs of steel and cast iron nearly as old as I am? Kate's "suggestion" was to "hide her in the trees." OK. So, instead of getting back to boatstuff, as scheduled, I built a bridge out of very heavy and very frozen 2"x12"s and 4"x4"s. I skidded the assembly off across the snow, across the ditch, and into place. I cut down a really big tree and cleared a space to erect *Little Alice's* winter shelter and, pretty much like I build boats, I discovered that I had overlooked a significant issue. It's just not gonna' work as planned. Soooooo, another couple days got dissolved in erecting a compromise shelter (unfortunately in front of the window in her sewing room). So it goes.



Back in the Moaning Chair

By Dan Rogers

So, with a bolus of completed, sort of, honeydos, I at long last got back to the boat shop yesterday. Amazing, how "stuff" accumulates when dashing from one project to the next. But the partially put together *Roughneck* sat patiently on her building cart just as I left her back in November. Time to get back to destroying perfectly good sheets of plywood!

First up, was to do something about the windows. I've been veering dangerously between a rather complex set of sliders and simply using some sort of vinyl snap-on stuff and, back again. Mostly, it's a matter of compromise. Well, maybe more a recognition of a basic physical law. I never quite get things exactly flat, level, straight, or true, all valid reasons why I don't get to call myself a Real Boatbuilder. Anyhow, I was pretty sure sliding windows of the magnitude required would never quite shut the elements out. Something would leak, rattle, or just not work right.

So, I came up with something I've never actually seen done in this manner. There's probably a good reason for that. But, what's logic got to do with reasserting momentum? The side windows on *Roughneck* are going to hinge from the top and lift like gull wings, sort of. This particular assemblage is over 2' tall, and around 6' long, one for each side of the cabin. Make each three-window unit as a single piece. At this point hinges, securing dogs, and glazing methods are simply speculation. But, at least I'm back at it!



Then, there is the matter of a rather elaborate fore hatch. The one that I made while I was really supposed to be doing "approved" projects around Christmastime is a rather attractive domed edifice that slides on rails under a yet-to-be-fashioned window panel that is supposed to tilt up, or swing out, or maybe just get stuck on with glue and screws. Anyhow, this hatch took several days away from what ever I was otherwise going to be doing at the time.

But, yaknowwhat? It just ain't gonna' work. Too tall, and in my face from the helm



station. So it goes. And, so here I sit in the moaning chair. Something will pop up.

Part 2

I'm certain that nobody every really "said" that resurrecting old boat hulls into something again navigable would be easy, nor all that rewarding sometimes. And, they would be right. I've been working with the theory that we'd be having several months of winter. I call it the Boat Building Season. The *Roughneck* project got put on hold right after Thanksgiving, and I worked on domestically-approved shop projects for the month of December. Then, just when snow and cold and all that "winter" stuff was getting into full swing, I pulled out the Moaning Chair and got back to boat-work. I had to rethink the forward hatch design, so I could get the window frames built. I had to settle on what the propulsion for this sort-of work boat would be. Stuff like that. Stuff that would take some quiet contemplation.

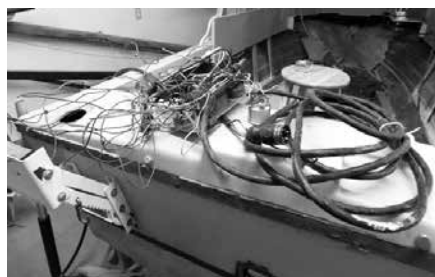
Poof! The second week of January, we had a thaw. Temps in the high 40's. Rain, and then just clouds. The snow receded. SWMBO reminded me that, "that old blue boat" I had placed temporarily outside her sewing room window in September was no longer hidden under a snow drift. Further, it just didn't fit in with her idea of what should be parked in that particular patch of trees. As in, nothing-should.

Her logic was pretty, well, logical. That particular hull had been in, then out and back in to the shop a few times over the past several years. Not much progress, and little likely to come any time soon. Certainly not, this Building Season. The excuse that the trailer was not movable due to the snow no longer held much force. The Lucas says that it's easy to get rid of a non-repairable boat. He even shows the spectacle of a huge earth mover stomping one of his Tiki hut cast-offs into the Florida sand on You Tube. No lesser an authority, Mississippi Bob says that it's "easy." Suddenly, before the impulse left me; I grabbed the sawzall and started euthanizing. Before the day was out, I had a trailer-load of small boat-bits ready for the dump.





No, I don't think it's anything close to easy nor particularly fun, either. But as long as anything that looked like a joint, sinew, or nerve ending was throbbing already I got to pulling the rest of *Roughneck's* original propulsion gear. Other than my shop floor resembling a salvage yard; she's now about ready for the next phase. I did decide that the original steering unit would serve in a new capacity. What I didn't count on was how many moving pieces would drop to the floor when I took it apart. These old setups are geared and compensated for the torque of a big old engine and outdrive and, somehow, I managed to get myself covered in very-old lithium grease while attempting to re-assemble those several gear trains into a pretty non-traditional configuration.



The dang thing started out being pretty clean and painted white, a regular tar baby kind of project. I looked a lot worse than the steering wheel by the time things settled down. The idea is to stand next to this setup and steer with a "suicide knob." Should even be able to stand in the open hatch up forward and reach the wheel back inside the pilot house. And, there's a few more twists and turns that I've dreamed up in the Moaning Chair. Of course, some more of the boat-parts that I have labored to fit and glue and screw into place over the past weeks, got lopped out. Once that sawzall gets to running, there's little stopping it.



Then, as soon as I could get some of the grease off my hands, I shucked the pretty-but-too-tall domed hatch. The latest iteration is made out of narrow strips of spalted pine. The windshield frames finally got fitted and glued into place. And, I even re-shaped the visor and cabin top generally. The side windows are set to finish and even to glaze. Time to start thinking about propulsion, probably something with a twin small outboard setup with independent tiller-steered rudder in the middle. Some of the motor-candidates are waiting for the call.





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Crystal River Builders Launch Scow Replica *Spirit*

For the past two years the Crystal River Boatbuilders (CRBB) have been diligently building a replica of the 36' blockade runner scow *Wartappo*. They used only tools and methods that were available during the 1860s. That means no DeWalts or Makitas in sight. At last we had the christening and launching of the scow. The operation went smoothly and *Spirit* slid into the waters of Crystal River as the crowd cheered enthusiastically. Well done you crazy boatbuilding fools!

For a description of the *Wartappo* go to: <http://www.tsca.net/CRBB/scow.htm>.

For further info, videos and pictures go to: <https://www.facebook.com/crbbs>



About the *Wartappo*

By Sterve Kingery

A scow probably came from the Dutch word "schouw." There are no references to scows in the seventeenth century; however, but it may have been a type of vessel that was widely used in the Americas as early as 1725 (Chapelle 1951:33). Chapelle (1951) described scows as square-ended hulls that have a flat or nearly flat bottom. Sailing scows had design characteristics that provided stability in open waters and a shallow draft that made them excellent boats for sailing into the shallow waters of Florida's bays and rivers.

The CRBB replica is 36' long and 12' wide. We know that sailing scows were present in Florida by at least the Civil War and probably earlier. I hear you; you're asking me, how do we know this and how do we know what they looked like?

Surprisingly, the best way to figure this out has been from some of the Civil War records of the Union naval blockade during the war. The Union Navy documented the capture of at least two sailing scows in the eastern Gulf of Mexico. The first was documented on May 30, 1863 when the U.S.S. Fort Henry captured a small sloop and a scow in Wacassassa Bay. The scow reportedly carried 56 bales of cotton. This was a substantial cargo for a relatively small coastal vessel. A Civil War era cotton bale weighed 500lbs and was approximately 56"x48"x30" wide. The 56 bales of cotton would have weighed roughly 14 tons and occupied almost 2,600cu. ft. of space. Much of this cargo would have occupied deck space rather than cargo holds.

The second sailing scow that was captured by the US Navy was documented in a report dated April 14, 1864. In this report Lt. Browne, commander of the U.S.S. Restless, described an attack on the Confederate salt works at White Bluffs on the Wetappo River. In addition to capturing the salt stored at the facility the attackers also captured a "barge" as a prize of war. Lt. Browne originally described the vessel as a barge but it other evidence indicates that she was a sloop rigged scow designed for shallow water work.

He stated: She is nearly a new barge, 36' long, 3' deep, and 11' beam, built of 2" yellow-pine plank, and is perfectly tight, sloop rigged, and has an open hatch amidships 19' long, in which I have built a platform and laid a circle for our 12-pounder howitzer, which can be fired from almost any point of the compass. She has new lug mainsail, which I have altered to a boom mainsail, and have made a new mast and bowsprit and given her a jib. I have also built leeboards 4' wide by 5' deep, and think that she will work admirably (Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies [ORUCN] Vol. 17, p. 678).

His addition of the 12-pounder howitzer indicates that he intended to use this boat for a specific type of work. The 12-pounder howitzer was a short-barreled weapon with a range of approximately 1,000 yards. This type of weapon was optimized for firing in a shell in a high arc which also made it ideal for attacking fortifications along the shoreline. The other elements that he added included leeboards. Leeboards were large, sometimes retractable boards that were fastened to the rail or sheer strake. Leeboards added stability in more exposed waters and sailing on the wind without leeway, or being driven sideways by the force of the wind. These additions indicate that Lt. Browne believed that this barge was ideal for use as a gun platform in supporting attacks against local Confederate forces that protected St. Andrews Bay and other targets along the Florida Gulf Coast.

On May 23, 1864, Lt. Browne wrote orders to Ensign Henry Eason who had been placed in command of the barge that was captured on the Wetappo River. The orders indicate that Eason's barge had been named *Wartappo*. This name was probably derived from the river on which she was originally captured. The orders gave Ensign Eason was given command the *Wartappo* and a cutter (probably from the *USS Restless*) during an attack on Goose Bayou near present day Panama City. On May 24th the men of the *Wartappo* landed the 2nd Florida (U.S.) Cavalry and destroyed 11 salt works and approximately 60 salt kettles (ORUCN Vol. 17, p. 706).

Three days later Eason reported that Confederate forces on shore began firing on his boats. In that report Eason described his boats as a scow and a cutter; although the commander of the *U.S.S. Restless* continued to describe the *Wartappo* as a barge (ORUCN Vol. 17, p. 719). On June 5, 1864 the barge was placed under the command of Ensign W.B. Rankin and on June 8th launched a raid with 40 soldiers to destroy 97 salt works and capture 600 rations of corn, and 320 rations of bacon, which were loaded onto the *Wartappo*. In his report of the action Rankin also described his boat as a scow (ORUCN Vol. 17, p. 719).

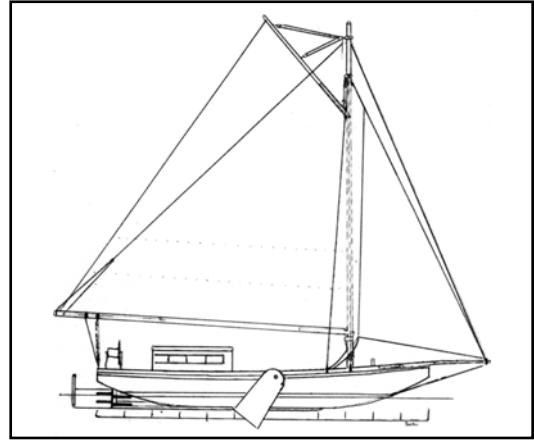
So we now we know that there were sailing scows on the Gulf Coast and we know a little bit about their size and a little bit about their sailing characteristics. So the Crystal River Boat builders took

this limited information and combined it with several of the complete plans for scows from other regions to of a sailing scow. The builders used these plans to develop the replica most likely represent the configuration of the *Wartappo*.

Building a replica the *Wartappo* took about two years. All aspects of the boat were constructed, masts, rigging, and hull. Some items such as sails and anchors were purchased and installed. During this period the boatshed served as an ongoing interpretive exhibit. The boat builders in partnership with the Florida Public Archaeology Network and the Florida Park Service used the boat construction process to educate people about the history of boatbuilding in the region and the types of tools that were used during the period. This project included hands-on opportunities for visitors to participate in the construction process.

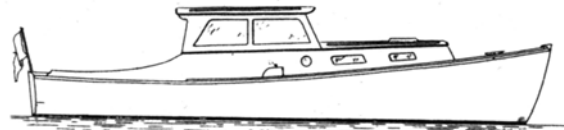
The completed scow will be a mobile interactive museum which will continue to support education and outreach in Citrus County and other areas of Florida.

The Crystal River Boat Builders are all volunteers but they needed and received some financial support to purchase wood and other items such as sails and anchors.



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Melonseed Sailboat Construction Update

By Richard Honan

Progress has been slow but steady. Cut the slot in the bottom of the hull and installed the centerboard box. Also, with quite a bit of measuring I was able to fabricate the mast step. The mast step has an added feature, a circular mahogany ring that receives a length of 4" diameter PVC pipe. This piece of PVC pipe will run between the mast step and the deck. When stepping the mast, if the mast starts to fall, the PVC pipe prevents the mast from acting like a giant crowbar and ripping the deck off the boat.

The deck frames have been laminated, primed and painted. Most of the interior of the hull has been primed with two coats of Interlux Pre-Kote Primer. The finished color of the interior will be a pale gray (easier on the eyes). I also spiled or fitted and fabricated the floorboard frames. I also made cardboard templates of the actual floor boards. The small plastic Ts were made as spacers between the floor boards. The actual floor boards will be fabricated from 1"x4" fir flooring.



Laying Out Floorboard Frames

Here's a little photo essay on laying out the floor board frames:

Determine the height of the finished floorboard. Deduct the thickness of the actual floorboard and the height of the frame (in my case 1 1/2" height). Rip a roughly 6' length of 3/4" thick pine or plywood on a table saw.

Given the fact that the bottom of the Melonseed is flat from the front of the centerboard box to about 18" from the rear deck, cut a series of different lengths of 3/4" pine to sit on the flat section of the bottom of the Melonseed (roughly about 16" apart). You should be able to lay a straight edge on the first six, from the front of the centerboard box, going aft.

Make a small wooden batten (3/8"x3/4") and lay it on top of the length pine block and mark off where the batten intersects with the inside of the hull.

Next obtain a couple of strips of corrugated cardboard about 24" in length and a hot melt glue gun. Cut the corrugated cardboard into various random lengths from 1 1/2", 2", 2 1/2", 3". Using the hot melt glue, start by attaching the cardboard lengths to the wood block. The length of the cardboard strip will depend on how much radius you're trying to match. You can work rather quickly spiling one of the frames (a couple of minutes a piece).

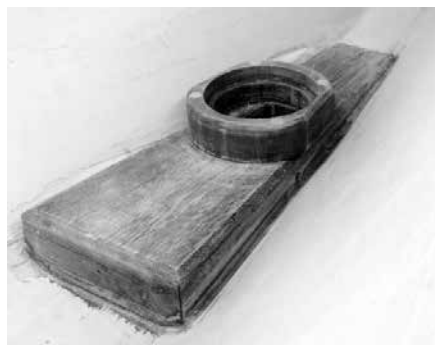
Mark where the cardboard template intersects with the pencil mark on the bottom of the hull.

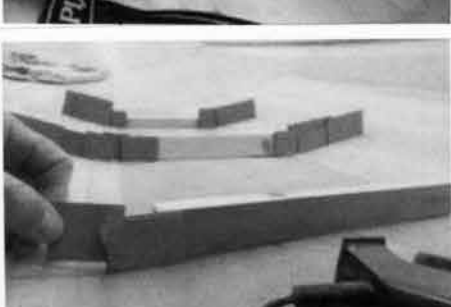
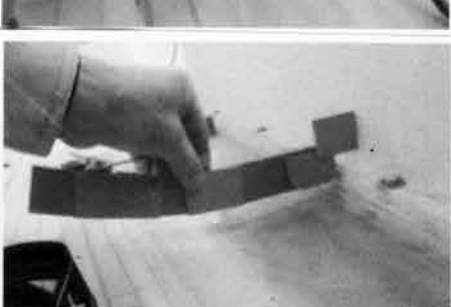
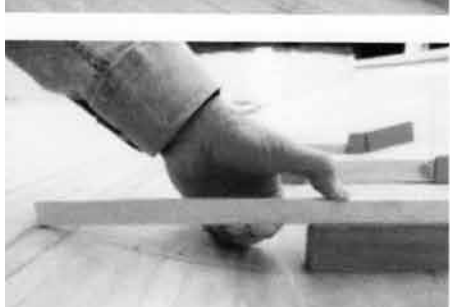
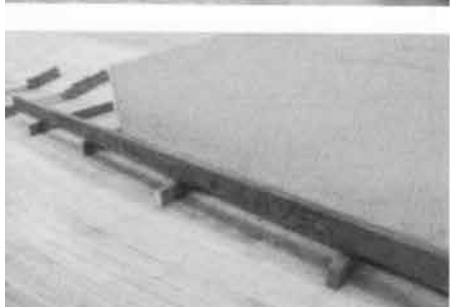
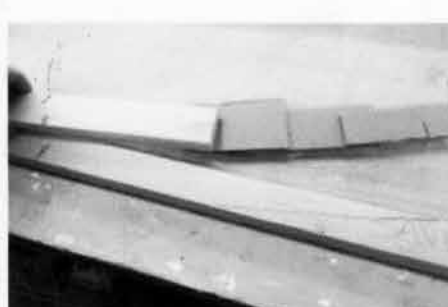
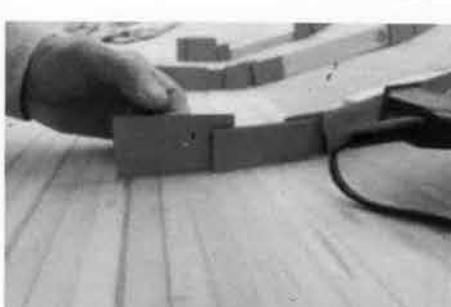
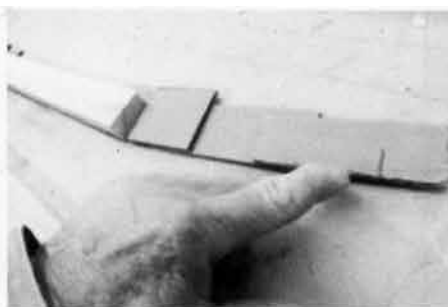
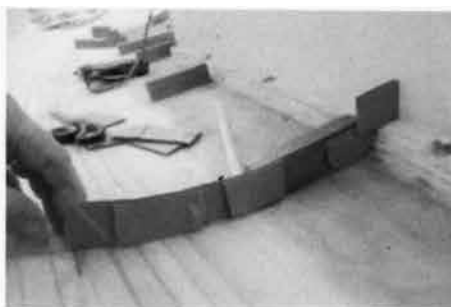
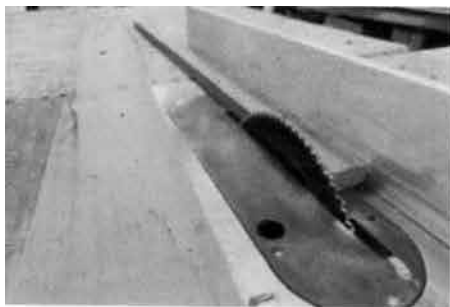
Continue spiling each one of the cardboard templates. It is very important that the location of each cardboard frame is marked on the bottom of the hull. Also mark the centerline of the hull on the frames aft of the centerboard box.

Go back to the table saw and rip the stock that will be height of the floor frames. Lay each cardboard spiled template on the ripped stock and run a pencil along slightly curved edge of the cardboard.

Cut the shape out on the bandsaw. A small amount of sanding or shaping with a disc sander and the floorboard frames should mirror the shape of the inside bottom of the hull.

On a lapstrake hull, even with the cleat that runs the entire length of the hull and step effect of the individual planks, you should be able to spile or layout the floor board frames using these small pieces of cardboard and a hot melt glue gun.





Way back during the summer I decided to build another of Jim Michalak's designs. This time I would build a very simple boat, the Pickup Squared. This is an 11' pram with a balanced lug sail. This would be a winter project but I did buy some of the lumber and plywood during the summer. I had to fight the urge to get started before winter.. I did cut the 12' rails in October before I closed up my shop for the winter. My shop so small that it is hard to rip long pieces inside. I also brought in the plywood that would become a boat.

I closed up the shop for the winter by covering the metal rollup door with plywood panels covered with 2" of foam. Battened down I could work indoors in 60° comfort, only the holidays got in the way. My bride is heavily into Christmas and it is hard to get much done working around her schedule. As Christmas approached about all that got done was to build the bulkheads and transoms. I had built the temporary center form back during the summer because I wanted to know that the boat would fit into my Ranger pickup.



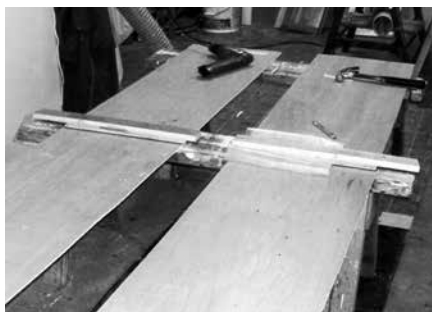
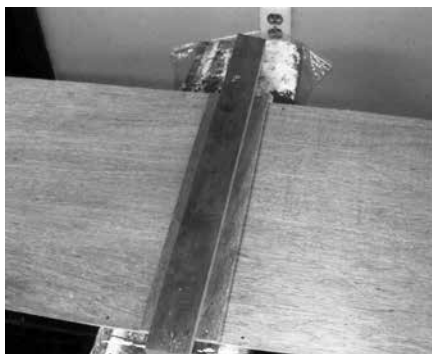
All the bulkheads.

The holidays don't last forever and between Xmas and New Years I ripped the parts for the sides. These parts are cut from an 8' plywood with a 4' piece added to get the 12' I needed. I joined these sections with butt blocks but I made the butt blocks from 1/4" ply epoxied to the sides. I set up the horses so the joint between the two pieces ended up on one of my wide horses. I covered that horse with wax paper to prevent the parts from getting stuck down. I nailed down the long pieces to the horse with wire nails being careful that the nails were beyond the side of the butt block. I used all the factory edges for the top side of the panels. I then fitted the short sections so the top edge lined up well and the joint closed and I nailed it down also.

I mixed some epoxy and painted all the surfaces to be joined then placed the butt blocks down on top of the side pieces. More wire nails to keep the from sliding around then I lay a strip of wood over the butt blocks and screwed it down with the screws just straddling the sides. This gave the joint some compression. Jim in his book recommends 1"x4"s as butt blocks but I felt that keeping the inside smoother was worth the extra effort. After the epoxy had plenty of cure time I am now into 2014 and I could get to work in earnest. I lay the two sides outside to outside and clamped them securely. Time to do the layout.

Fifty Below Wind Chill Factor

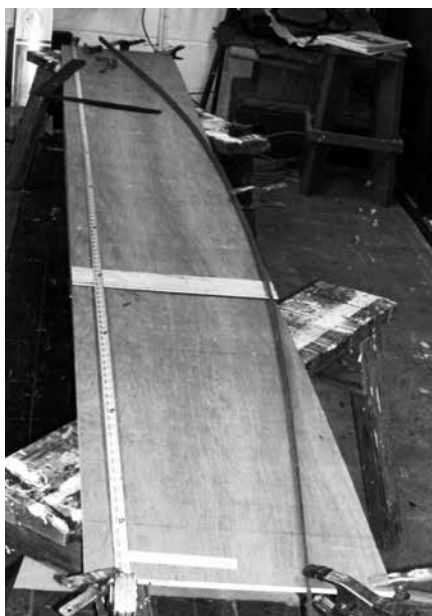
By Mississippi Bob



Joining the sides with butt blocks.

I carefully followed Jim's plan and transferred all the dimensions to the plywood panel. I next used a long straight batten and clamped it in place lining up all the points that were drawn on the wood. I was especially careful that the points were right on where the sides had to match the bulkheads. Then I marked this line with a sharpie and moved the baton so I could saw out the parts. I used a saber saw to cut the sides to shape then began the assembly. I had marked a line on both sides where the bulkheads were to go. The lines marked the cockpit side of both bulkheads and the ends of the panels defined where the transoms belonged.

Layout of the sides.



Following Jim's instructions I started with the boat right-side up. Temporary center form first then I moved to the ends. All these parts were screwed to the sides. Lastly I put in the bulkheads. Every thing fit together well. Again following Jim's instructions, I got a 12' 1"x4" and screwed it to the tops of all the parts lining up all the center lines that had been drawn on the forms. When I was satisfied that the boat was straight I unscrewed the forms one at a time, applied glue and re-assembled them. Rather than nail the parts in place I returned the 1/4" wood screws to the same holes.

About this time we got a blast of cold air right down from Alberta. The temp here in Minnesota went down to -20° and the wind chill dropped to about -50°. My bride went into hibernation mode right after Christmas and I had the winter that I had been waiting for, a time to stay indoors and build boats. I think that all the folks back east got the worst of that cold snap.

When I checked the thermometer I knew that the glue had time to dry. After that I began installing the gunnels. Jim's gunnels are laminated from two 1"x1 1/4" pine. These were some of the long pieces that I had ripped back in October. The inner lamination is cut with a 15° angle on one side. This matches the angle of the sides so the top of the rail is horizontal. I didn't follow Jim's suggestion and buy cheap lumber. These rails were cut from a piece of select. I felt the added expense was worth it. I clamped the rails in place with the beveled cut against the sides. I clamped both sides, simultaneously bending them to fit the sheer line. They matched the factory edge very well so it was time to start drilling and screwing.

I have a few electric drills. I used three of them on this operation. One with a small drill bit chucked up short so it only drilled to the length of the screws that I was using. The second had a countersink and the final one was fitted with a Phillips screw driver bit. I save a lot of time by not having to change bits. When all the screws were in place I marked heavily a reference mark on top of the rail and the side. I removed the screws and clamps and then one at a time I glued and screwed the rails back on.

The frame of this boat doesn't weigh much at this point but it is very flexible so I recruited a neighbor to help me roll it upside down. I blocked it securely and checked the level on both horses. I then could begin to install the chine clamps. These are outside of the hull and the method was the same as installing the gunnels except that they had a much tighter bends. The chine clamps didn't match exactly with the plywood sides but I rather expected that. I wanted the rails to develop a fair curve. I just made sure that they matched up at the bulkheads. When the glue dried I trimmed off any excess plywood using a saber saw and my belt sander.

The surface that I was now working on would be on the joint between the sides and the bottom of the hull. I wanted to be sure that I would get a good fit so I used a long straight edge across the bottom and checked that it lay flat on both chine logs. A little fitting and grinding with my belt sander and I would have a perfect joint. I worked about 6" at a time. I marked any high spot that showed up under my straightedge with a heavy pencil mark then sanded away the marks. The system worked well and a half hour later I declared it a perfect fit. Ready to install the bottom.

The bottom goes on in three sections. An 8' piece of plywood covers the center and small sections fill in the ends. I lay a full sheet of plywood on the bottom and slid it over to one side and clamped it there. I marked where the plywood ended on the rails. I drew a line a bit oversized following the chine clamps then rolled it over and sawed it to this oversized shape. I set aside a large scrap that may become the leeboard or rudder blade, I don't like to waste anything. I turned it back over and lined it up with the marks and clamped it there.



Installing the large bottom panel.

At his point I wanted to lay out a mark where the screws would go so I made a jig from a 1"x2" scrap that was cut out so it would fit over the plywood edge. The two fingers that it created had to be different lengths so just a little experimenting I had my marking jig that would put the screws right in the middle of the rails. Jim recommends nails for

this job but I chose to screw it all together. The local big box store has lots of screws but none carry the ringed bronze boat nails that I needed. 1/4" wood screws it would be.



Installing the stem section. This shows how I marked the screw placement it also shows the tools that I used. Notice the joint in the bottom.

Again I was back to my three drills and my little jig that I made. I drew a line down each side with a pencil using the jig then I stepped off the 6" spacing with a set of dividers. Now I knew where the screws should go. Drilling countersinking and screwing killed about an hour for this one panel. A lot of screws. All of the screws came back out and I mixed up some epoxy. I wanted a really good water tight joint so thickened epoxy seemed like a good choice. I moved the panel off to the side and spread my epoxy thickened with

wood flour. I used a 1" chip brush to spread the mix. I covered all the surfaces between my marks with this mixture, all except the temporary center form. I then put the panel back on and replaced all the screws.

To finish covering the bottom I took Jim's advice and fitted a butt block of 1"x4" between the side panels. I trimmed the ends so they fit closely between the sides and extended halfway out from under the bottom panel. I clamped it in place and drilled and screwed it into place.

I next cut out parts that would fill the remaining opening at each end, clamped them into place and using the jig again I marked, drilled and screwed these panels into place. Out with the screws. Out with the 1"x4" and on with the epoxy. It all went back together in minutes.

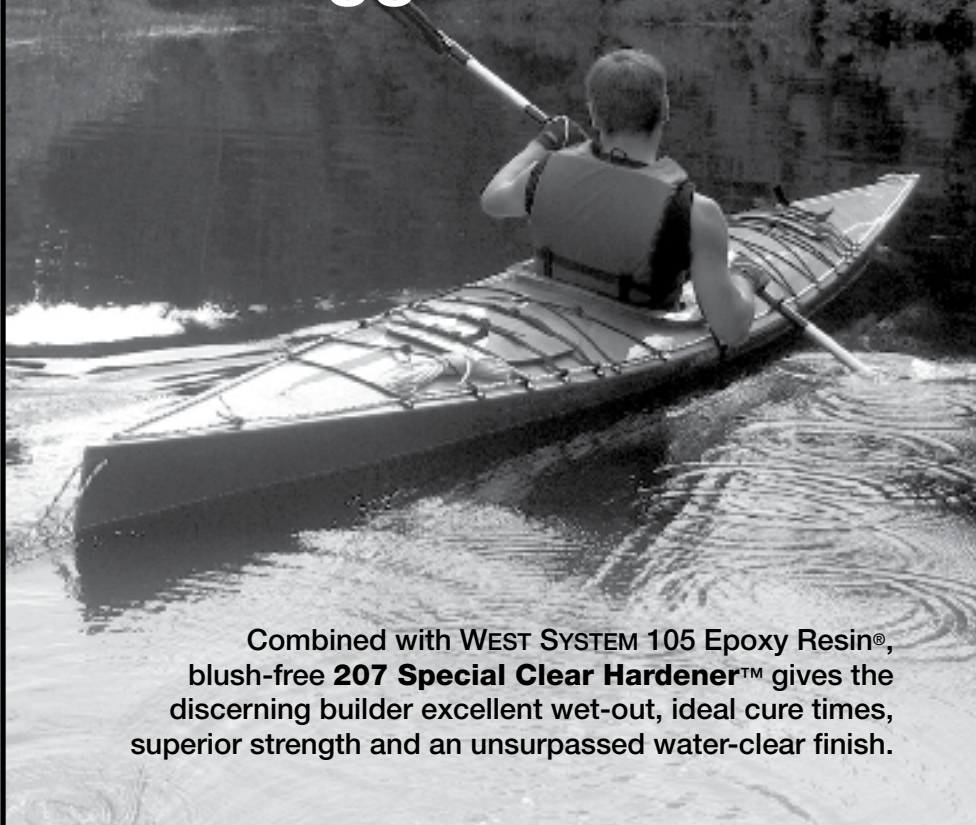
It is really beginning to look like a boat. The plywood that overhangs the rails needs to be trimmed so out came a router that I seldom use. I fitted it with a 1/4" roundover bit and it made short work of the trimming. A little cleanup with a sander and I am almost ready to glass the bottom.

Time to sweep up a lot of sawdust and measure out the fiberglass that I have and see what I must buy to cover the bottom. I want to glass the bottom and both transoms with on continues sheet of 5oz cloth. I also want to glass the inside of the cockpit bottom with more 5oz stuff. This will stiffen the bottom.

Now that the weather has moderated (late January) I need to make another trip to Minneapolis for supplies.

To Be Continued

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In the 1970s Coconut Grove Boat Show, I remember seeing a 14' rowing skiff called Glass Slipper, which I fell in love with. I was at the time an art student on the GI Bill and couldn't afford her purchase price nor a place to put her. Nevertheless, I kept her in mind while continuing to see her at boat shows on into the 1980s. Years later, while working in Eastern Airlines Art Department, I discovered one of these gems, apparently abandoned, lying upside down in a Ft. Lauderdale boat yard. She wore a complete thick coat of barnacles on her bottom. They failed, however, to obscure the beauty of her lines. I found out upon inquiry that she belonged to someone who worked in the boat yard. I offered to buy her. I believe the fellow wanted too much money, but I bought her anyway.

I put a small motor on her and motored her from Ft. Lauderdale to Miami on the Intracoastal Waterway. I was much impressed by how easily driven the hull was; we were making 5 to 6 knots with only a 2.5hp motor. This gave me some ideas about converting her from an open rowing skiff without much freeboard, into a proper motor launch. She was very lightly made, and with two adults in her, on opposite sides, she would flex, so I knew she would need stiffening.

I put on my thinking cap and considered what I could do to improve her. I decided to fiberglass in some $\frac{1}{2}$ " ribs every 9" back along the hull in order to stiffen her up. I also decked over her foc'sle, and put a 3" coaming over a thickened laminated gunwale in order to improve her freeboard and make her more seaworthy. I then installed a boat cover with battens so she would stay dry when being towed by my sailboat, *Royal Charles*. She remained in this configuration for a few years. When in use, I merely rolled the cover up from aft to forward and secured it on the foc'sle, but in spite of my polite admonish-

Duchess A Poor Man's Yacht

By James A. Flood

ments, passengers would sit on the cover, thus breaking the battens.

I looked around for another solution. I came up with the idea of installing a small cuddy cabin up forward to keep things dry when heading into a sea. With my acquisition of, at first 3hp, then 4hp and finally 6hp motors, this seemed to be a good idea. The only problem with this was that she looked funny with the new cabin as it appeared too high up forward and didn't flow with the rest of her looks. I therefore added splashboards above the coaming extending to within 2' of the stern, and she looked a lot better. She was still a bit wet, but great fun.

She remained in this configuration for a number of years. Her steering arrangements at first were very primitive (a broomstick with a bit of hose for a tiller) sufficed for the cruise and carry. But with the advent of the 4hp motor, I invented a 4-pulley arrangement connecting the motor tiller with a continuous line just inside the gunwale so that I could steer from any part of the boat I happened to be in. I finally arranged a wheel steering with cable drum and steering wheel (a cooking trivet in the shape of a ship's wheel). Later an old friend of mine presented me with a beautiful 21" wooden wheel for my birthday, it remains on her to this day.

Over the years, I have motored in her with great joy. At 7 knots, she continued to be a bit wet, which I didn't mind, but many of my passengers did. Also, with her high wineglass stern and fine lines, she would squat down at the stern when going at speed.

Additionally, she had the stability of a pencil, requiring occupants to rather work at keeping her right side up. That being said, she never actually capsized.

With the advent of my marriage, and new sense of responsibility, I endeavored to see just how I could make her, firstly, more stable and dry and still keep her good looks and ease of operation. I took off and made a drawing of her lines and decided I could initially add flare to her bow, to help her sea keeping, and then change the shape of her hull from dishing in at her mid-sections to adding tumblehome, thus making her wider and more stable with the increased displacement giving her more freeboard. I also realized that the wineglass stern, though attractive, would need to be altered, so that she could carry more weight aft and not squat down at speed.

I hit on the idea of using insulating foam for the alteration, the routine is to glue foam to the hull and then fair in the lines with file and sandpaper until just right, then encapsulate it and join it to the hull covered with three layers of fiberglass resin and cloth. My efforts thus raised the entire vessel $4\frac{1}{2}$ " higher in the water and the resulting improvement in sea keeping and speed were amazing. These alterations also resulted in an increase in her speed to 9.5 knots.

However at this speed on anything but a course directly into the seas, the occupants got capsfull of water right in their faces, and on one occasion, I happened to see my poor wife holding a boat cushion in front of her face in defense of the torrents of water. Now I am a bit of a Viking, but everyone else is probably not, so I determined that some sort of superstructure might materially increase her habitability at speed. I designed additions to the cuddy cabin to protect the operator and other structures with windscreens to protect



the passengers. The result was three low-cambered cabinlike structures with wind-screens which made the launch look not at all bad and actually quite interesting.

Another friend had presented me with a set of brass ventilator cowls and so I attached them to non-functioning dorade boxes and installed them on either side of this cambered stern cabin, which seemed just the right touch (they tell me it is very steam-punk). After motoring in her in this new configuration, I began to notice from the very first time I took her out, that people began coming over and asking who built her, what she was, and how old was she, all the while snapping pictures with their cameras.

About a month, after I had installed the superstructure, I added gold scrollwork on the bow cabin front and sides, and the crowds got larger, the greetings more frequent, and the enthusiasm more palpable. The system I use for gold scrollwork is to sculpt the scrollwork out of kiddy-clay, then make a silicon rubber mold, and cast the scrollwork with fiberglass resin which sets up and is spray painted bright gold, installed and varnished.

Since the reconstruction, I keep improving her in little ways, I've added a marine radio and GPS, and I continue to get a lot of attention wherever I go. An increasing amount of people suggested that I do an article on her for submission to a boating magazine, and so herein I've done so. She remains fairly light at 350lbs and easy to handle, draws 13" inches of water, she lives in my garage and is easily trailered, stable and sea worthy and at 10 knots, she gets me out where I want to be and back in time for martini hour.



We motor her in the Florida Keys, in Biscayne Bay, the New River in Ft. Lauderdale, and most waters of South East Florida. I call her styling "Retro Turn-of-the-Century" or perhaps "Steam Punk" and she continues to be a great joy to us. I have hopes in future of building a very similar copy, but a bit larger, in order to hold maybe 6 people. And so I've begun to do some sketching and scribbling to that end. I suppose my ultimate aim would be to design copies of these for people who are perhaps in a similar situation as I, who want elegance and style in a modest and affordable package. One of my primary aims has always been is to bring back the elegance and styling we once had in boats coupled to



our modern technology, and in *Duchess*, I think probably I may have accomplished this.



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The Perfect Shallow Water Boat

By Dave Lucas

I was 27 and my brother Charlie was 29 in 1975 and we wanted a big sailboat to party and take wild women out in. We hung out at the Tampa Sailing Squadron and sailed a lot with the "old guys" who had big boats. We wanted a big boat fast and didn't have any money.

This didn't stop my brother, he can do the impossible. We picked out a simple, shallow draft hull from Howard Chapelle's *American Small Sailing Craft* and started building. The only considerations in construction were cheap and quick. These are the only plans we had to start with and this is the boat we ended up with 11 months later. It turned out to be the perfect shallow water boat. It had no plumbing, inboard engine, electrical system, kitchen, bathroom or debt. It did have a huge interior with lots of cushions and play space.

We just took the things one would take on a camping trip. It was fast and fun, turned out to be the party boat for the whole squadron. Helen and I took our honeymoon in it. Named it *Helen Marie*. The moral to the story is keep it simple and fun if you're looking for a boat to go sailing in.

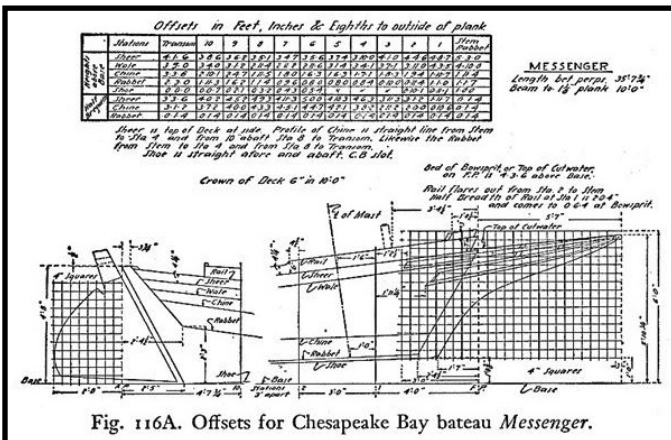


Fig. 116A. Offsets for Chesapeake Bay bateau Messenger.

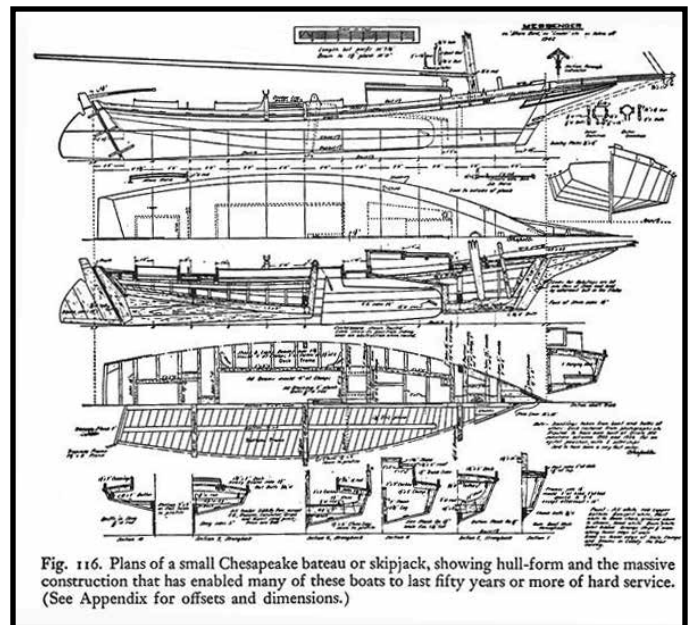
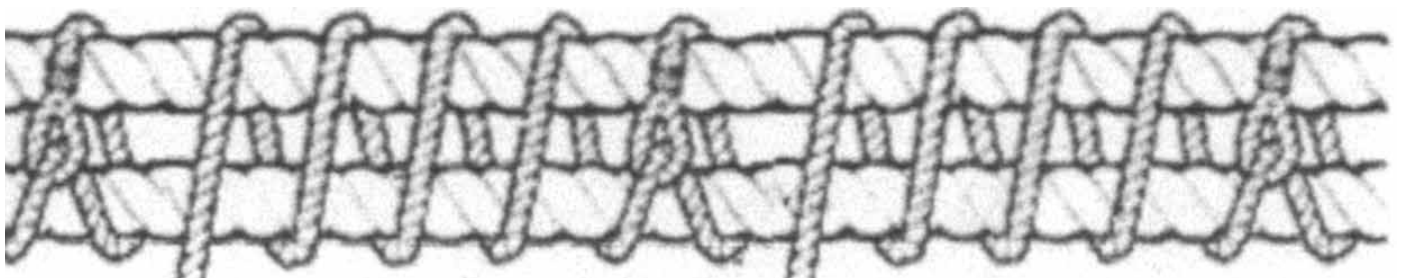


Fig. 116. Plans of a small Chesapeake bateau or skipjack, showing hull-form and the massive construction that has enabled many of these boats to last fifty years or more of hard service. (See Appendix for offsets and dimensions.)



When there is rough weather off the coast of Maine's Monhegan island, I think of the old saying that goes something like, "...not a day to be on the backside of Monhegan in a leaky punt with one broken oar." Well, whoever came up with that quip, must not have been thinking of the Wee Pup dinghy. For a safe and useful tender, the stalwart Wee Pup, popular in the early 1900s among fishermen who sailed those very waters off of Monhegan, may be just the thing to get you where you're going.

The Wee Pup is a rugged and adaptable little boat that can safely carry up to three people (around 350lbs.) and about 400lbs total. All this packed into 7'6" LOA, and a 39" beam. She stows easily, tows well, tracks smartly under oar power, and her stability and high-sided freeboard give her an added measure of safety that isn't easily duplicated. And, she isn't too difficult to build, not even for a first-timer.

To me, fishing vessels are things of beauty, a beauty born of practicality and economy. So I find it meaningful that fishermen created the Wee Pup and that so many were in service to the industry. There is thought behind every component and every swipe of paint. Wee Pup may not stop you in your tracks at first glance. She's her own brand of beauty, sort of like an attraction you realize on the long walk home after an engaging conversation. She's buoyant as a duck and stronger than she looks. Her true beauty reveals itself in her actions.

A Wee Bit of History

In the early days of the 20th century, Winfield M. Thompson, a popular author for *The Rudder* magazine, took up the plight of the throngs of boat owners who were seeking the holy grail of tenders. He wrote, "Every little while I read in *The Rudder* the plaint of some small boat owner who wants a practical tender, something that (1) will carry at least two in smooth water with safety; (2) can be stowed on deck or in the cockpit of a single-hander; (3) will tow well; (4) will be of simple construction and moderate cost. The seekers for the ideal small-boat tender appear always to write as if seeking the unattainable, the lost mines of Peru, or the treasure of Captain Kidd."



Return of the Wee Pup

By Karen Wales

Lead Photo by Pat Lown
Rudder Photos Courtesy Seraphina Carlucci and WoodenBoat



Author Winfield M. Thompson published rudimentary lines of a little boat that he christened, "Wee Pup" in *THE RUDDER* magazine, circa 1910. Fishermen on Monhegan Island, Maine had developed the design. More recently, designer Walter Wales has created detailed plans for both traditional and contemporary construction.

Thompson found what he was looking for in the Wee Pup. He took the lines from one of the dozen or so that were scattered on Monhegan's shore at low tide. He then had one built to tend the Cape Cod catboat that he kept near Boston. Although we commonly see tiny prams employed as yacht tenders today, Wee Pup was pure novelty to the yachtsmen of Thompson's day. He chronicled in *The Rudder*, "All summer I reaped sheafs of bouquets from all sides on that tender. Nothing like it had been seen on Boston waters, and people were as pleased with it as a cat with two tails." Thompson published the lines so that others might have one built for themselves and enjoy her too. The design was a hit, even garnering a tip-of-the hat from such luminaries of yacht design as Starling Burgess and B.B. Crowninshield, who each ordered Wee Pups for their own use.

We do not know how many of these hardy little workboats dotted the harbors in that era but we do know that over the past several decades the type has all but disappeared. Perhaps having only lines and the smattering of dimensions that Thompson supplied in *The Rudder* proved too daunting for the less experienced builder, let alone the amateur who might wish to build one in his garage. Whatever the reasons, the Wee Pup had lost its way until a serendipitous meeting gave it a second chance.

Making a Comeback

While reading the book, *The Rudder Treasury*, Walter Wales revisited the Wee Pup, which he had become aware of early in his career as a naval architect. Struck by her history and many fine characteristics, he set about improving her documentation. Starting with Thompson's lines, Wales developed a 3-D model from which he then generated an extensive set of richly dimensioned plans, for either traditional or glued-lap plywood construction.

In Winfield Thompson's article from the early 1900s, he came up with a clever and powerful publicity stunt to show the boat's prowess, with a photograph that shows her carrying four men at 692lbs (including the author, seated in the bow).



In those days, boat design was still largely done by trial and error and there were no US Coast Guard (USCG) regulations to adhere to. Wales ran the numbers to find Wee Pup's actual capacities as set out by guidelines in the *USCG Boat Builders' Handbook*. He found that under manual propulsion the boat is rated to carry a maximum weight of 404lbs and can safely carry up to three people at no more than a combined weight of 363lbs. Combine her easy rowing characteristics with both good load bearing ability and well-behaved towing and you have a dinghy that is hard to beat for boat of her size.

She makes a fun project for even the first-time builder, even though her strong rocker may pose a challenge or two. But overall, construction is straightforward and she comes together in a satisfyingly short amount of time.

Nowadays, new litters of Wee Pups are springing up all over the world. And, who knows? Maybe one day they'll even find their way home to the beaches of Monhegan.

(Complete plans are available from Walter Wales NA, w.wales@tidewater.net, (207) 677-2413)

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Since the first tryout in light winds, I have now taken Renegade around to a couple of locations in different wind conditions to test her more thoroughly. I went to Redwood City Harbor, for example, and subjected her to some difficult situations for multihulls. The ramp there is positioned poorly for launching sailcraft of any kind, sitting at the end of a narrow channel that faces almost directly upwind. In addition, there are expensive boats tied up close by, further limiting the sailor's options. Over many years, I've never seen a trimaran exit this ramp under sail only. And on this day a bunch of kids were swarming around in Optimist Dinghies learning to navigate, the wind was light and fluky, and it was a challenge to say the least.

After a lot of smiling through gritted teeth, dodging around amongst the little hazards, and adjusting the battens a little, I managed to sail out and have a good day experimenting in the somewhat heavier chop of the open harbor. Returning to sail again two weeks later after having attached two light pivoting rods to the connector tube between the ends of the booms, I found I could hold one of these rods and have much more sensitive control over the sails in light upwind conditions. This made exiting the ramp and tacking in close conditions pretty easy. I've used fold-out rods in previous boat designs to control the boom and they can offer huge advantages when the sail forces aren't too high. After exiting the ramp into the harbor, I let the rod fold back against the connector and use the normal line/pulley system for the sheet control from then on.

I also took Renegade back to Shoreline a few times in stronger wind conditions and tried her on all points of sail plus of course tacking and jibing. The results have been great. First of all she's fast. She will outsail any boat near her size range on the lake, including all the sailboats and some of the less experienced windsurfers. I can reach 10-11kts boat speed in 11-12kts average wind with my 74sf total sail area, and because the boat is low and open this really feels fast. She's quickest on a beam or broad reach, but also does well upwind and sails all the other usual directions. I've been asked several times now by different spectators "where did you hide the motor?" because they can't believe she goes that fast with just the two 3.5 meter sails alone. One guy from the Netherlands was quite adamant and carefully inspected the stern of the hull when I pulled her up on the beach.

At speed on a reach she begins to throw a little spray, but my position at the end of the "couch" is still comfy and secure. And that's her second good point, she's comfortable. No constantly facing sideways, no diving across the hull, no climbing out on a trampoline, no hiking straps, no trapezing, no sitting for hours without a padded seat back while my stomach and groin muscles go into orbit. Just a lazy position on the couch with one hand for the sheet and the other arm draped over the tiller wheel. At last, a fast sailboat for the mature man. All I need now is that flat screen TV and a small fridge.

The next thing likeable about her is she's agile. With just (barely) average sailing skills, I'm easily getting 3-4 second tacks and 3 second jibes and the tacks I'm referring can be full distance, she will easily go from beam reach around to beam reach. She can turn and change direction very quickly unlike other multihulls I have seen and had experience with.

Renegade Part 6 Performance with Comfort

By Steve Curtiss
curtoid@sbcglobal.net
www.renegadetrimaran.com



I like to sail her in the section of the lake where the windsurfers are reaching back and forth, and then tack her around quickly at the end of the reach just to tweak them because they can't tack worth beans and have to jibe. She sails well close to the wind and tacks through 90°, possibly a bit less. As mentioned above, the boom rods allow her to be sailed easily in light or confused winds in close quarters.

And lastly, she's stable. Wind and water forces don't make her feel tender or tippy. She absorbs changes gently without easily burying amas or forcing me to keep moving around in a hurry. When I first board her on a breezy day, I can actually sit for a few seconds and relax while she starts to sail herself, then join in and choose the course. If something happens and I lose the wind direction or goof up what I'm doing, she moves slowly in whatever position I left her, waiting for me to get a grip. The helm is also very well balanced and I make use of this by spending entirely too much time taking my hand off the tiller to mess around with the GPS hanging from my vest.

I know you're thinking I could just look down to see it, but it's much more interesting than that, the unit says it's "waterproof", but I destroyed one finding out it's nowhere near waterproof and the clear waterproof bag I have it in either fogs up on the inside, gets a salt film on the outside, or provides too warm an environment for the device, which causes the display to gradually fade. Picture in your mind a guy zipping along in a very small craft with his hand entirely off the wheel, keeping one eye on boat traffic, and furiously licking the bag with the GPS inside to remove the salt haze and get a reading on speed/direction, and you'll understand the excitement involved.

So what does this boat design add up to? Renegade is really fun to sail, definitely more fun than any boat I've sailed before. I was looking for an alternative to windsurfing or dinghy sailing, something fast but with comfort and sit-down tiller control, a small boat

that could be handled easily and transported without a trailer, something for me to day sail somewhere with decent wind but not huge wave action, and for me, this is it.

Yes, she has a few downsides. She can handle chop but goes faster on flat water. She has a fair number of parts to put together. She is very difficult to capsize (I've only done it on purpose and that took two people), but once she is capsized it a project to bring her upright. She's a wet boat. She has no room for luggage or passengers. She tends to want to keep sailing, so if I fall off, I have to grab her and hang on.

And just to clarify things about the design and its advantages, let me test your patience and attempt to put it together one more time. The two major differences between Renegade and other trimarans are (1) she has a short, flat, planing center hull and (2) she has two identical sails side-by-side connected by a tie rod at the ends of the booms. The short planing center hull allows the boat to get up out of its wave trough and plane more like a windsurfer than a sailboat which reduces hull friction and allows faster speeds. Because the center hull has very little depth, it also allows the boat to turn quickly and tack and jibe very easily.

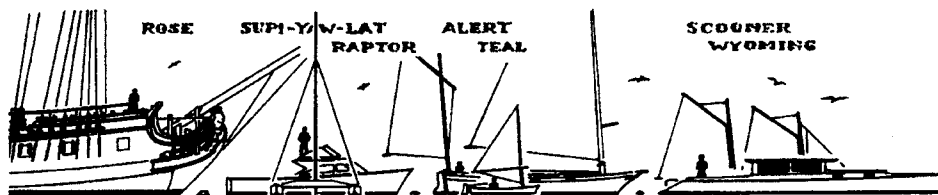
The two sails side by side have a much lower center of effort than a single sail of the same size (approx 6.2' vs 8.6'). In the side direction, this dramatically lowers the heeling factor from the wind and allows the boat to run smaller amas closer in, and to require much less travel from the sailor side to side. Smaller amas closer in means a narrower, more convenient boat with less wetted area, and less sailor travel allows facing forward in comfort. In the fore-and-aft direction, the lower center of effort means the boat has much less tendency to dig in and pitchpole, a problem with many multihulls, and the main hull can be short, again with less wetted area, lower weight, and easier handling.

If I took Renegade and replaced the center hull with a standard U or V shaped one and replaced the two 3.5m sails with one central 7m sail on a single mast, the design numbers for stability would quickly require that the center hull be a minimum of 15' long, the distance outside the amas minimum 9.5', and the mast tip would end up a minimum of 17.5' off the water. (Renegade, by comparison, is 12' long, 7' wide, 13' tall). We would have the standard "small" trimaran that's out there now, which is larger, heavier, less efficient, and far less agile than Renegade, requiring a trailer to transport and usually two people to handle and assemble it.

So for me Renegade is a keeper. There are some small improvements on the winter project list, but the basic design will stay the same. I'm hoping to take her around to interesting locations and get as much sailing time in as possible. In addition, I'm planning to experiment with a foiling version, most likely in Mini40 model scale due to the handling problems and expense of full size construction.

I would be happy to answer questions or supply more information if you wish to experiment with this layout on your own boat, provided you understand and accept that no warranty of any kind is made for the design, and that you must be fully and completely responsible for its use and safety.

Keep the sails up, and I'll look for you on the water.



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Making that casual reference to *MAIB* Vol.14, No.7 is well enough for folks reading (and keeping) this magazine for decades. Better though to reintroduce the original layout and some 'as built' photos of Design #636 Champlain. The drawings on the following pages show her Outboard Profile, and her Interior Layout, which should help put last issue's discussion into further perspective.

Designed for the late Larry Sedgewick of Wisconsin, he would be the first to complete construction of #636 with his *Fenestra*. The photos at the bottom of the page strut her stuff, she's a fine mix of varnish and paint, large-prop 9.9hp Yamaha, dinghy and all.

And yet another confirmation, up in Ontario, Canada, cabinetmaker Han Van Pelt spent 400hrs on the hull and another 600hrs on her interior to build *Mudlark* for canal and lake cruising. And a fine confirmation of our thinking on her interior this really is. The photos at the right show the view from her front cockpit inwards, including her modest 'galley' forward under the two seats left and right; the view forward from her aft companionway with that balanced combination of fine wood under varnish, off-white surfaces and matching cushions and drapes, not exactly 'roughing it'; and the Captain sitting at the 'telescoping' control station with steering and engine controls. All in all on those 22'+ of ("darn plywood") length, a beautiful airy interior, ever changing view outside and the perpetual need to tidy up a bit every morning, unless only the front curtains get opened...

These images fueled the interest to give her that extra room inside and an addition to her stern and, inevitably, also a bit of messing about with her looks as shown on the following page as Model 2 and Model 3. On that visor one could do different heights, profile-shapes, faceted versus curved front etc., etc. This just to make the point how her appearance can be made to match different 'flavors'.

Part of this is also the visual raising of her bow by 5" with those added bulwarks. Again, other options abound, plus color-coordination in 3-D, addition of moldings, perhaps a carving etc., or removing that color band along her topsides to shrink her house

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design Champlain 28 More Preliminary Studies

Part 2 of 2
28'x8'2"x1'8"x25hp

height visually. One could enjoy or go nuts to eventually arrive at the perfect very personal self-representation of good taste afloat. So we are only just beginning to get 'obsessive' here.

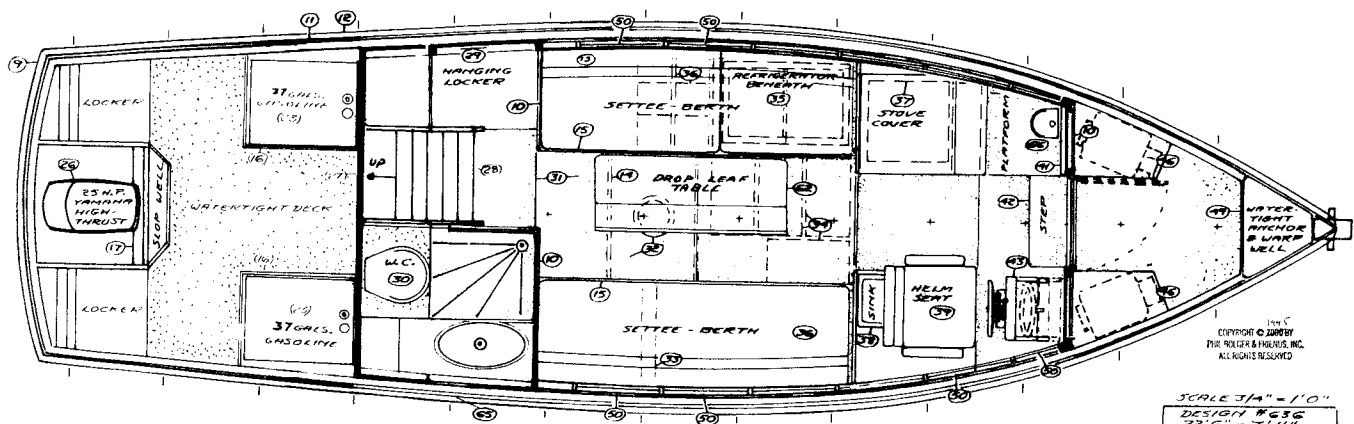
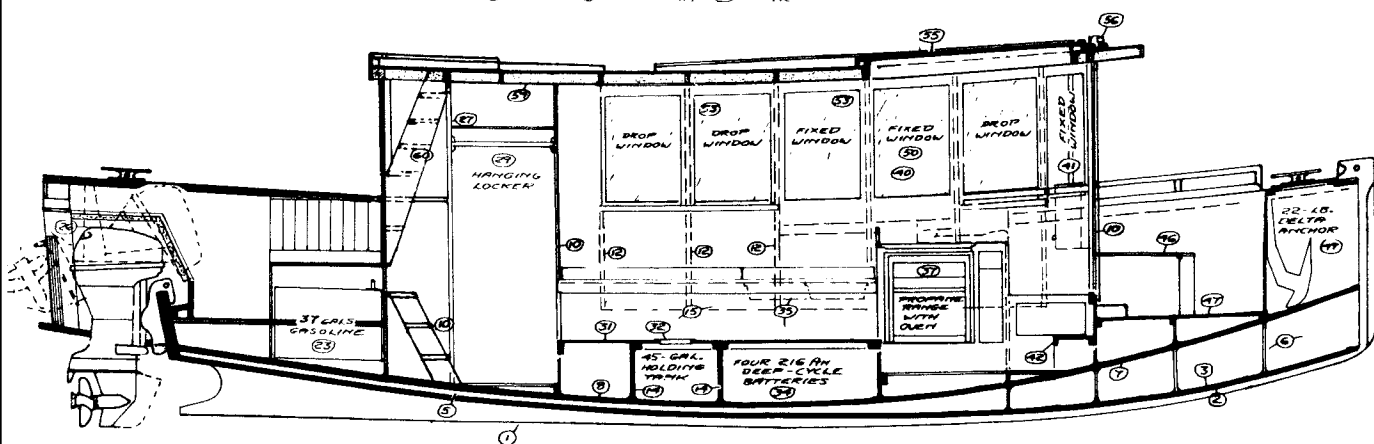
Part of the deal would be to explore other stern profile options, such as this mildly raking and curved transom on Model 3, based on moving the outboard aft up against her stern. And that allows changing her stern cockpit layout. As the large Interior Layout illustrates, there are pros and cons to this, such as fewer steps but also much less stowage volume (and fuel-tankage), more of an in-the-boat feel with those four built-in seats deep well behind the topsides with shoulders at rail level, but also loss of that large sun tanning surface.

Digging deeper into that Interior Layout, a number of changes inside her over the layout from last issue are tracked through as well, more tweaking likely to occur, and this before anyone else gets going on their version... Lot's to study here, reflect on, and to bemoan the absence of such boats for charter..., etc.

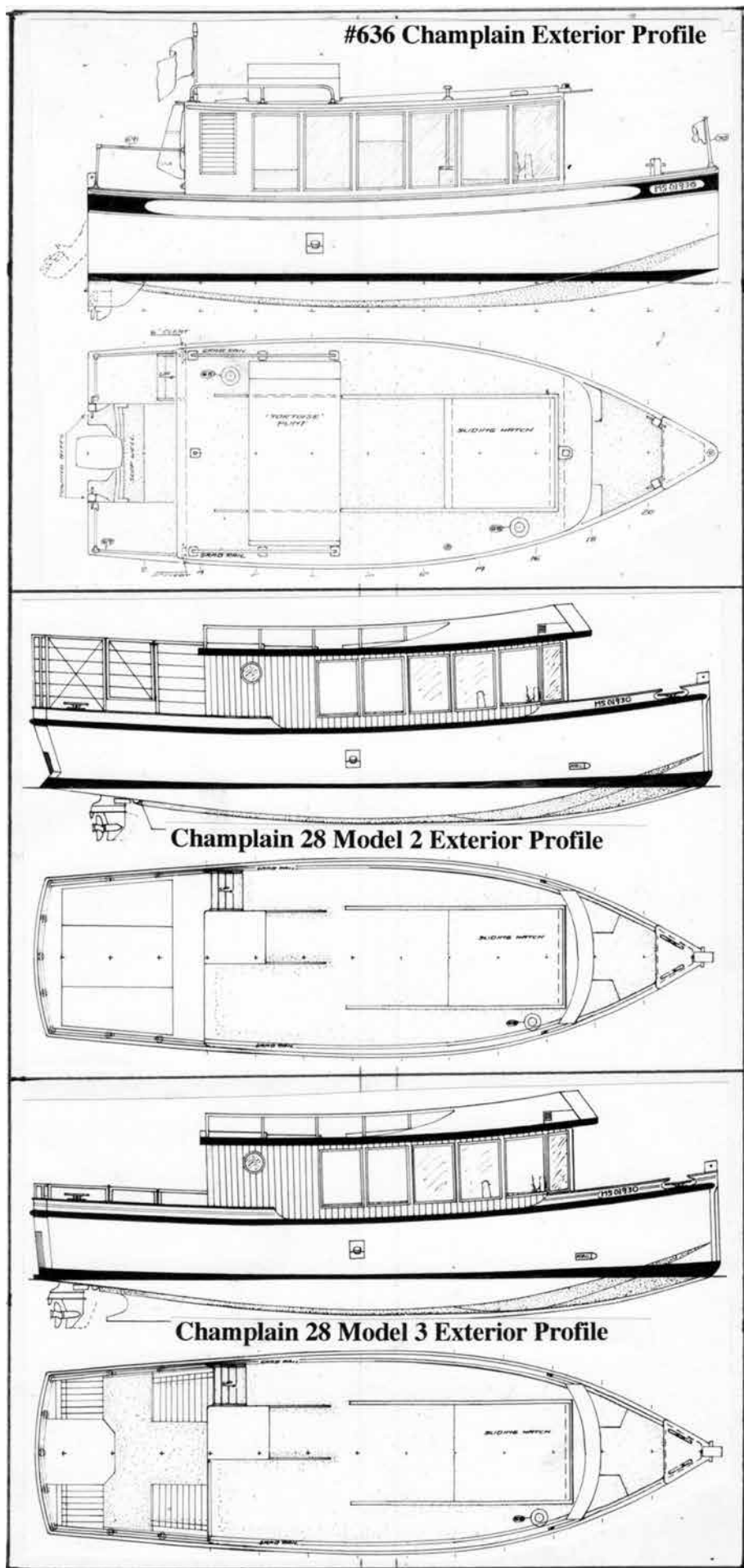
Since this is a two-part sequence, Part 3 will feature other layouts, appearances, propulsion-options on this hull. So, for all one could guess, this may go on for a bit...



#636 Champlain Interior Layout



SCALE 3/4" = 1' 0"
DESIGN #636
22' 6" x 7' 11"
FOR LARRY SEDGWICK
MR. SEDGWICK & FAMILY
LANSING
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Along Similar Lines...



Retriever



Watervan



Windemere



Microtrawler

Minnesota



DinghyCruising

The Quarterly Journal Of The Dinghy Cruising Association

The Dinghy Cruising Companion *Tales and Advice from Sailing a Small Open Boat*

By Roger Barnes

ISBN 9781408179161

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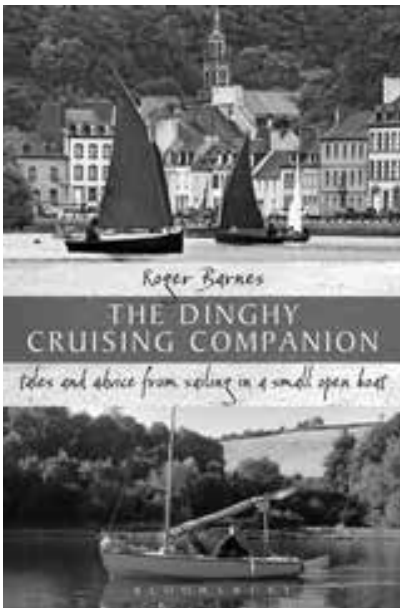
(Publisher's Description)

A sailing dinghy is the perfect way to explore rivers, lakes and coastal waters. Small enough to be trailered behind a car, but spacious enough to allow you to sleep under canvas aboard, a small open boat can carry you to hidden shores and remote beautiful places that larger boats cannot reach. This comprehensive guide for all aspiring or already enthusiastic dinghy cruisers offers invaluable advice on:

Finding a good boat and fitting her out. Rigging and reefing. Anchoring, mooring, rowing and motoring. Launching and recovering the boat onto a road trailer. Coastal navigation. Keeping comfortable and safe aboard.

The practical information is interwoven with evocative stories of the author's adventures afloat. Illustrated throughout with photos and sketches, this will whet your appetite for taking sailing back to basics.

Roger is President of the Dinghy Cruising Association and has written for *Classic Boat*, *Dinghy Sailing Magazine* and *Watercraft*. He grew up in the northwest of England, where he was taught to handle a dinghy by his father on Windemere. Since then Roger has sailed on many larger vessels, from yachts to tall ships, but has still found nothing to beat sailing a small boat towards a new horizon.



Keeping Comfortable and Safe, by Roger Barnes

This article is a chapter from Roger's book, soon to be published. He has kindly given us a preview because safety afloat is a hot subject at the moment – as are our Safety Recommendations, still under discussion. Articles on safety in the Journal are scarce these days, perhaps because of the frequently tedious emphasis on risk assessment and health and safety we see all around us, but that does not make them any the less important and I would welcome more submissions from members on this subject.

As part of a book on the eve of publication this article is of course subject to rigorous copyright restrictions and must not be copied, published or otherwise used elsewhere, in part or in its entirety –Ed

Ever since *Swallows and Amazons* was published in 1930, Arthur Ransome's books have inspired generations of children to sail. But young readers are often perplexed that the young children in the books are allowed to go sailing and camping on an island on their own, and without lifejackets too. In this Ransome was reflecting the practices of his time: few people wore lifejackets in the 1930s, and children were given much more freedom to roam around the countryside on their own than is usual nowadays.

In Ransome's day, keeping safe was a matter of learning the right skills, not purchasing lots of approved safety equipment. Sailing dinghies of the period generally carried ballast and could sink rapidly if capsized or holed, but they were also heavy and stable craft, and much less likely to capsize than a modern dinghy.

They were effective sea boats, but they carried nothing in the way of secondary safety equipment. Parents accepted that they could not protect their children from danger. Instead young dinghy crews were taught that they were ultimately responsible for their own safety. Times have changed, and we are no longer prepared to impose upon children the level of discipline nor accept the level of risk that the pre-War generation considered normal.

Keeping the crew safe

Personal buoyancy is totemic of the modern attitude to personal safety. Although the dangers of small

boat sailing are statistically very low, it is considered reckless to go on the water without a lifejacket or buoyancy aid. This is a gloomy subject, but in an age when even lockkeepers are issued with auto-inflating lifejackets, in case they tumble into the canal, we need to address it.

Research into the dangers of sudden immersion in cold water has found that drowning is not the greatest initial risk if someone falls into the water. An ability to swim is no protection against the incapacitation caused by 'cold shock', which causes the casualty to hyperventilate when they hit the

water, ingesting water into their lungs. The shock of sudden immersion in cold water can also induce a sudden heart attack in the more elderly and less fit. The risk of rapid death is reduced if the water is warm, but at higher latitudes the water in the deep sea remains cold throughout the year, such as in the waters off Britain.

Lifejackets

A lifejacket is designed to turn you on your back and hold your head above water, giving you time to recover from the initial cold shock. On yachts it has now become accepted practice to wear a self-inflating lifejacket combined with a harness, (but not necessarily all the time in fair weather). The idea is that if you were to fall over the side, the harness will keep you close to the yacht and the lifejacket will keep you afloat while your fellow crewmembers work out how they are going to get you back on board again. Hopefully they have practised this in advance.

Auto-inflating lifejackets are proven and effective pieces of kit, but they will only save your life if they are the right type. They should have thigh straps to prevent them floating up off your torso and a transparent hood to protect your face from the sea spray. It is also vital that they are regularly inspected and serviced. Many lifejackets do not meet these standards and are probably worse than useless. In random tests, an alarming number failed to inflate, due to elementary faults that could have been corrected by regular servicing.

There are various types of self-inflating lifejacket. Some operate automatically on contact with water; others must be triggered manually by pulling on a cord. Non-automatic types do not address the problem of 'cold shock', as they require you to be fully conscious and capable when you hit the water. By contrast, auto-inflating types do not need any user-intervention.

There are two types of triggering mechanism on auto-inflating lifejackets. The normal type is activated by contact with water, whereas the better ones for dinghy sailing are triggered by shallow immersion. Lifejackets activated by contact with water are prone to inflate themselves accidentally if they are hit by heavy spray or by a wave breaking aboard the dinghy, so they are not suitable for use on an open boat. The lifejackets triggered by immersion usually use the Swedish 'Hammar' inflator.

All automatic lifejackets can also be inflated manually, should the triggering mechanism fail. They are available in three levels of flotation, 150N, 190N and 275N, depending on the severity of the conditions and the amount of clothing the wearer is likely to have on. A lifejacket should be sized for the worst conditions you are likely to be sailing in, but usually the lightest of these jackets will be adequate for dinghy cruising.

Buoyancy aids

Most dinghy sailors prefer a close-fitting buoyancy aid to a lifejacket. The flotation incorporated in a modern buoyancy aid is typically only 50N, as compared to 150N for the least buoyant lifejacket. The reason for this difference is that a buoyancy aid is intended to help you to swim, not to keep you afloat when incapacitated. Racing-dinghy sailors always choose buoyancy aids because they need to swim back to their capsized boat, right her, clamber aboard and get her sailing again as fast as possible. It is difficult to swim in a lifejacket, especially the more buoyant versions. Lifejackets are designed to force you onto your back and then keep you afloat while you wait passively for someone else to rescue you.

Larger buoyancy aids are still available with 100N of permanent foam buoyancy, which approaches the smallest size of self-inflating lifejacket. They are worth hunting down, as they are a good compromise between the smaller buoyancy aids and a full lifejacket.

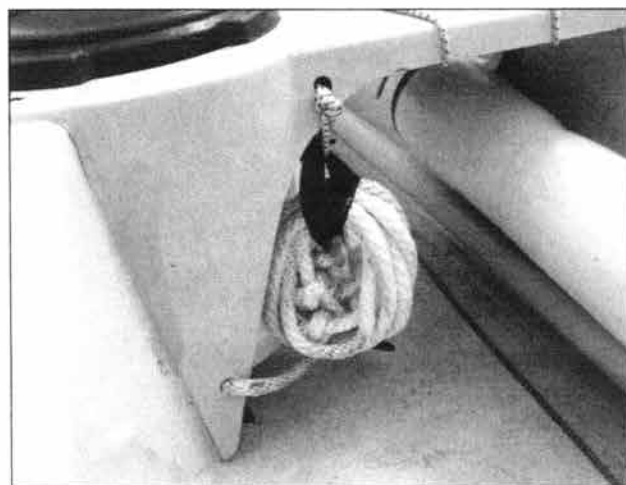
Should you wear a lifejacket or buoyancy aid?

On a well-crewed yacht, a lifejacket is designed to keep you afloat while the rest of the crew bring the yacht back to pick you up. The situation in a dinghy is very different. If you are sailing singlehanded, and you find yourself in the water, there will be no one else available to help you back into the boat, so you must be able to do it unaided. Even if there are other crew members aboard your dinghy, it is likely that you will all end up in the sea together.

An auto-inflating lifejacket is not a panacea to the risks of sailing a dinghy. If your dinghy capsizes, it is vital that you stay with her. Should you become separated from your vessel, you must be able to swim back to her. Even if you are unable to right

(Below) Port side righting line on Cruz Seren. (See page 68 – capsizing recovery.)

Stowed out of the way under the thwart, tucked against the side of a storage bin and held with one turn of Velcro, which is secured through a shockcord loop to keep the coil clear of the cockpit sole. The 'bitter end' is tied off at bottom left.



your craft, her buoyancy will keep you afloat indefinitely. A swamped cruising dinghy should be unsinkable. If you have followed the DCA safety recommendations she will also contain food and water, a VHF, an EPIRB, flares and spare clothing. She is as close to a liferaft as you can get, without actually being a liferaft. Your chances of survival are improved immeasurably if you can stay with your boat, whereas your prospects when floating free in the sea, even wearing the very best lifejacket, are rather doubtful. Floating in UK coastal waters, the water temperature is so low that most people will expire from hypothermia within an hour, or perhaps two if they are very fit.

Whether you prefer to wear a full lifejacket or a buoyancy aid is a matter of personal choice. It depends on how you assess the comparative risks of each type. But I would think very hard before using an auto-inflating lifejacket in a seagoing dinghy. The idea of floating around helplessly in the open sea, awaiting rescue, does not appeal to me at all. If I fall into the water, I want to be able to get back to my dinghy unaided, and that means being able to swim. Sea kayakers have come to the same judgement and also prefer buoyancy aids.

Although I usually carry a 100N buoyancy aid on board, most of the time I wear a 50N version that is styled like a sleeveless waistcoat. It is a proper buoyancy aid, constructed to European CE standards, and even incorporates a thigh strap to prevent it floating up around my head, but it has the appearance of a down-filled gilet. Its great advantage over more conventional types is that it is comfortable to wear, keeps me warm, and has pockets for my knife and my logbook.

Man overboard

Losing a crewman over the side is much less likely to happen from inside a dinghy than off the deck of a yacht, but the possibility must still be considered. If you sail singlehanded with sheet cleated and the tiller fixed, there is a chance that you could fall over the side and your dinghy will sail on without you, but most dinghies are sufficiently destabilised by the loss of the weight of a crewmember that they will luff up into the wind automatically.

If there are two or more crew members aboard and only one of them falls over the side, the remaining crew will need to put the 'man overboard drill' into operation. There are various standard techniques, which you can practise by throwing a fender over the side and then trying to recover it. The method I prefer is to go about immediately and then heave-to. Unlike the over-complex methods sometimes recommended, this will bring your dinghy to a halt as fast as possible close to the casualty. If you find yourself a little upwind of the person in the water, you can adjust the angle of drift to slide back alongside them. If you find yourself downwind, you

can tack slowly back, whilst keeping the casualty in sight all the time.

To get the casualty back on board, bring them into your lee just forward of amidships, which will put them into the shelter of the boat. Then you should be able to roll them over the gunwale into the boat. In a less stable dinghy, it may be better to bring the casualty in over the stern. Someone wearing personal buoyancy can usually be lifted back on board by pushing them down into the water and then lifting them as they bounce back to the surface. Even a light crewmember should be able to bring someone aboard using this method.

Safety harnesses

If you are sailing alone and you are not confident that your dinghy will stop and wait were you to fall over the side, you should wear a harness and clip yourself to the dinghy. You will need a lanyard sufficiently long that you are not impeded while working the dinghy, and this means it will certainly not prevent you from falling over the side. It will, however, keep you from getting totally separated from your boat, which is vital for survival.

Auto-inflating lifejackets can be purchased in 'harness' and 'non-harness' versions. The harness type has an attachment loop for a safety line. One end of your safety line should be snapped onto the harness and the other to a strongpoint on the boat. Buoyancy aids, by contrast, do not usually incorporate harness attachment points, and a separate harness must be worn on top of them. This is possible with the new gilet-styled models, but not always practicable with other types.

I have tried using a safety harness in my dinghy, but I found that it was always in the way when sailing. Eventually I decided that it was creating more potential danger than it solved. The risk of becoming entangled in the safety line was too high for me. But my dinghy is deep in the hull and hard to fall out of, and I never sit her out when sailing alone. I am also confident that she would not keep on sailing if I fell over the side, even with helm fixed and sheet cleated. Other skippers should assess the balance of risk in their own dinghies.

Capsize recovery

A heavy dinghy carrying a sensible amount of sail is extremely resistant to capsizing, but the crew should still have a strategy for that eventuality. If you sail a Drascombe Lugger you may decide that the conditions that would capsize your boat would be so extreme that she would be impossible to right and bale out again, so the best strategy is to treat the swamped dinghy as a liferaft. The crews of more sporty dinghies should certainly practise capsize recovery, however, and the standard method of righting a capsized dinghy will need to be adapted to each particular boat.

Wet clothing can weigh so much that it prevents you climbing onto the centreboard. Keith Muscott believes that righting lines are a good solution:

'I found it well-nigh impossible to get up to the board on my capsized Topper Cruz (6ft/1.8m beam) with wet clothes. So I have now fitted 'righting lines'. These are ropes coiled and held by Velcro loops, out of the way under the port and starboard ends of the main thwart, to which they are secured. They are 12ft (3.6m) in length and the last 6ft (1.8m) of them has bulky knots at 1ft (30cm) intervals.

If I end up in the water after a knock down, I swim round and rip the righting line that is attached by the submerged gunwale out of its Velcro and then sling the coil over the boat. I then swim round to the other side of the boat, get under the centreboard, grip the knotted end of the righting line, pull my knees up under my chin, and creep up the bottom of the boat until I can reach the board. The leg muscles take most of my weight, sparing my arms. After that it is simply a question of leaning back on the rope to pull the dinghy upright and then falling in over the gunwale as she rises.

Having a dedicated righting line means that you don't need to use a sheet, which you may cleat off unintentionally when you pull yourself up on it, causing the waterlogged boat to capsize again when the sail fills and draws.'

The floating sofa

Comfort when sailing is of vital importance. If the crew are uncomfortable they will not concentrate properly on navigation and other important matters. This is one reason why I have both fixed and movable upholstery in my boat. The fixed cushions are fastened to the side seats, and the crew sit on them when sailing the boat. In light winds the boat is often steered from the bottom boards, while sitting on various scatter cushions, which enables the helmsman to have a clear view under the unreefed sail.

Some experienced dinghy cruisers have built vessels that are even more padded than mine is. Keith Holdsworth sails the sheltered waters of the south coast of England in a boat that is basically a floating double bed. The whole inside of *The Flying Pig* is a mattress, with a padded backrest all round the edge of the well. Keith sails the boat while lying on the bed, lounging against the backrest. *The Flying Pig* is not a boat for crossing oceans in, nor does she have any great turn of speed. She is simply designed for comfortable cruising in the creeks of his local coastline. Keith is a wise and extremely comfy man.

Seasickness

Most people are much less prone to being seasick in a dinghy than when crewing a yacht. Sailors also vary in their vulnerability to seasickness. Some lucky individuals are totally immune, but for the rest of

us seasickness is largely a matter of psychology. If you feel warm and secure you are less likely to feel sick, whereas a cold and frightened crewmember will turn green faster than the traffic lights. A classic cure for the early onset of *mal de mer* is to put the afflicted crewmember on the helm, as it is difficult to concentrate on steering a boat and to think about getting seasick all at the same time.

Most people will become sick if they have to grovel on the bottom boards in heavy weather, recovering something that has slid into the bilge water. Inputting waypoints into the chartplotter is a good way of setting me off, which is why I always try to do this before I leave port.

If you are prone to seasickness, you need to find a way to deal with it. I have been sick on many different seas, and have found that I am not incapacitated by it. For this reason I prefer to risk the chance of being seasick rather than take medication every time I take a dinghy to sea. Other sailors may prefer to take preventative medication. There are many effective pills to treat seasickness, but they must be taken in advance each time you go to sea. There are also various popular remedies based on myth and mumbo-jumbo, which probably have something of a placebo effect if you believe in them.

Keeping warm and dry

Of all the garments worn by a dinghy crew, a self-inflating lifejacket contributes the least to safety. Personal buoyancy only comes into action if you fall in the water. The rest of the time it just gets in the way. Although a gilet buoyancy aid like mine may be less effective in certain conditions than a self-inflating jacket, it keeps me warm and snug every time I go afloat, and contributes to my comfort and alertness each time I go sailing. I think of it as another layer of clothing rather than a piece of safety gear, and usually wear it under my smock or the top of my oilies.

Exposure is a greater risk to the crew of an open boat than drowning. The undergarments that keep you warm, the waterproofs that keep you dry, the footwear that stops you slipping and protects your feet from cuts and bruises: these make the greatest contribution to your safety at sea.

Unless you do all of your sailing in balmy southern seas, a wet crew will become a cold crew in short order, and rapidly lose capability and motivation. Protection against exposure means having adequate clothing for all conditions and ensuring that you always put on your oilies before a wet passage to windward, and before it starts raining hard. Even the best oilies cannot keep you dry if you only put them on after you are already wet. Warm and comfortable clothes are not only more pleasurable to wear, they are also a matter of survival. *RB*

PFD Personal Flotation Device (Life Jacket)

The PFD is the single most important and least expensive of all safety devices aboard any boat. If worn at all times, virtually all drownings would be eliminated. There are PFDs designed for every type of boating activity, so buy the correct style, try it on, and adjust it to fit before leaving the dock.

Flotation

When building or outfitting your boat, you should consider adding flotation material. An entirely wooden-hulled boat will not sink unless the weight of the motor and other gear exceeds the flotation ability of the wood, but it will also not provide a safe platform when swamped. Since experience has so often shown that the best chance for survival in a swamping accident is to stay with the boat and wait for help, non-professional builders are encouraged to build their boats in compliance with the Coast Guard's level flotation standards, which apply to all commercially manufactured motorboats and rowboats under 20' in length. These standards and the calculations needed for the amount and location of flotation are clearly outlined in *Safety Standards for Backyard Boat Builders*, which can be obtained at no cost through the Coast Guard Infoline at 1-800-368-5647.

Foam

Solid foam blocks can be cut and shaped to fit in any location, but they must be solidly secured so they can't break loose in a boating accident. Keep in mind when stowing flotation that all parts of the hull need to be accessible for inspection and repair, and all compartments need ventilation, to prevent rot. Note: Each cubic foot of foam will float approximately 60 lbs.

Air Bags

There are a number of different sizes and styles of air bags available for canoe and kayak flotation that can be adapted for use as extra flotation, but they must be securely confined to keep from breaking free, and must be protected from puncture.

Air Chambers

Air chambers are another flotation option, but no part of the hull can be part of the air chamber, since damage to the hull eliminates buoyancy. They shouldn't be totally relied upon since their watertight integrity could be compromised without your knowledge.

Boating Safety Coast Guard Regulations

The U. S. Coast Guard provides publications covering a broad range of subjects, including required safety equipment, lights, distress signals and navigation rules. Also available is an excellent booklet aimed toward the non-professional boatbuilder. *Safety Standards for Backyard Boat Builders* combines under one cover all the guidelines you need for building safety into your boat. This booklet and the other publications can be obtained through the Coast Guard Infoline at 1-800-368-5647.

Flotation and Safety

By Warren Jordan
Jordan Wood Boats
www.jordanwoodboats.com

State Regulations

Each state also has boating safety guidelines and equipment requirements, so you need to be familiar with these.

Situation Awareness

As a pilot friend once so colorfully put it, "situation awareness is that state of constant vigilance that keeps pilots from flying their planes into cumulo-granite clouds". Though not nearly as hazardous an occupation as flying, where you can't merely toss out the anchor when things get dicey, boating is still fraught with potential danger and requires alertness on the part of the crew. Some "situations" you need to be aware of:

Weather: Sudden weather changes can turn a pleasant outing into a catastrophe, especially in a small open boat. Pay attention to local weather forecasts and watch for signs of weather change.

Tides and Currents: In tidal areas, keep a watch and tide table close at hand. Be aware of the tides and the dramatic effects of water movement. An outgoing (ebbing) tide can turn a calm slack-tide bar into a nightmare of breaking waves. Engine failure in this situation could quickly lead to tragedy unless you have a good anchor ready for deployment. Whenever possible, do your explorations of shallow tidal inlets and backwaters on an incoming (flood) tide. That way, if you find yourself aground, the rising tide water will float you free; a much happier scenario than waiting for up to twelve hours if you are left high-and-dry on an outgoing tide.

Fog: In heavy fog situations, unlike nighttime navigation, running lights are not visible, so you must rely solely on an alert lookout to avoid collision. Use your fog-horn and stay constantly on watch for danger. Some of my most harrowing experiences at sea involved fog.

One particular incident took place while I was a deckhand on a shrimper. That day the fog was so thick we literally couldn't see the bow from the stern, and constant radar monitoring was the only thing that kept the fleet safely spread out. Those were the days when there was a great deal of animosity between the American fleet and the Russian trawlers that were allowed to fish fairly close to American shores. Their huge factory ships and associated catcher vessels often clashed with our relatively puny boats.

On this day, one of the Russian trawlers, feeling safely invisible under the shroud of fog, decided to harass the American fleet, and we were "it". I remember watching as the huge radar target steamed at full speed toward us. We dodged as best we could but stood no chance of survival if he actually found us in the fog. This terrifying cat-and-mouse game went on for half an hour and he sometimes came so close we could hear his powerful

engines and the rush of his bow wave, but we never saw him, except on radar. He eventually gave up and we continued fishing.

Justice was served, however, because later that day two of the Russian catcher ships collided in the fog, and one sank. The sea was literally carpeted with floating wreckage, including hundreds of trawl floats, two of which are in my garden, souvenirs of that adventure.

Collisions: Be on watch for boats, rocks, buoys, and sunken objects such as logs, that can hole your boat or disable your outboard motor.

Tie Your Boat

I learned this lesson the hard way while working on a river in the remote interior of Alaska. Our only means of transportation besides the occasional float plane, which landed on a nearby lake with supplies, was an outboard skiff that we pulled up on the riverbank when not in use. One day after a huge rainstorm, the river suddenly rose 2', and just before dusk we discovered the boat had disappeared. We had no choice but to walk downstream, in the gathering darkness, in search of our boat. I remember sloggling along the riverbank for miles, every few yards encountering huge, fresh, brown bear tracks in the mud, and thinking, "This will never happen again", and to this day I always either tie my boat or throw an anchor out on the beach.

Trim and Balance

Particularly in small boats, you need to be aware of trim and balance. Don't stand up unless absolutely necessary. Make sure passenger and gear weight is evenly distributed so the boat trims level. Practice "dynamic trimming"; when one person leans far to one side, when tending crab gear, for example, another person should trim the boat by temporarily leaning to the opposite side.

Life Vests

Wear your life vest at all times, but if you don't for some reason, at least try it on and adjust the belts to fit your torso; and keep it ready at hand.

Float Plan

Tell someone of your boating plans. In case of emergency, searchers will know when and where to look for you.

Emergency Kit

You should approach boating (particularly in remote areas) like you would backpacking. Sudden weather changes, accidents or bad planning can result in an unscheduled bivouac, but with some basic equipment you can keep warm and comfortable while waiting for the situation to improve. Here's the gear I take along:

Compass, Space blanket, plastic rain poncho, spare warm clothes, matches and/or lighter and a small piece of candle for fire starter, first aid kit, flashlight, outboard motor repair kit: sheer pins, cotter pin, pliers, spark plug & wrench, emergency starter rope, duct tape, stainless steel wire, water (plenty of extra for rowing), energy snacks, sunscreen, sunglasses, spare oarlock, anchor and plenty of line, pump or bailer.



THE Apprenticeshop

est.1972

What's Been Going on Around the Shop?



David Flood, Andrew Jones and Sean McTeague prepare their Ninas for bottom planking.



Students in CORE, the first year boatbuilding program, are hard at work building two John Atkin Nina sailing dinghies.

After mastering the finer points of small boat construction, students in ADVANCED, the second year program, work on larger projects like *White Lady*, pictured here.

Their Next Leg



Apprentices Daniel Creisher, Bridget Jividen and Christopher Konecky accepted certificates of completion from their two-year apprenticeships on Friday, December 20. After dedicating the last two years of their lives to the craft of wooden boatbuilding, what will they be doing next?

In September of this past year, Bridget Jividen began a part-time internship with Pope Sails and Rigging in Rockland, Maine. During her term at the AShop, she had become intrigued with rope work and sail making. Her work on the Grand Banks dory (launched December, 2012) was what first exposed her to the craft as the client wanted traditional fenders made from rope. Later, she was introduced to sail making while working on the Leonard whaleboat's rig (launched June, 2013). Jividen loved all of it. She started full time at Pope in early January and plans to stay indefinitely.

Daniel Creisher has a long term goal of crossing the Atlantic in his Bristol 27, but before he sets off, needs to get stateside affairs in order. His immediate plans are to finish a storage building on family property in southern Maine. The Bristol also needs outfitting and Creisher himself wants to gain more offshore experience before launching the undertaking. "I'm fascinated with Basque boatbuilding and I'd love to see what's happening in that part of Europe. I'd also like to explore the North and Baltic Seas to spend time in parts of Scandinavia ... I'm intrigued with the yacht design and maritime history of that part of the world." An adventurer at heart, no doubt Creisher will mount an expedition that we'll get to report on in future newsletters.

Christopher Konecky was accepted into the Center for Wooden Boats Boatwright-in-Residence program. During the 10-week, paid internship at the Center, (situated on Seattle's Lake Union) he will bunk aboard the *Arthur Foss*, a wooden-hulled tugboat built in 1889. His list of duties will include re-decking work on the *Foss* and the restoration of a number of smaller wooden vessels in the Center's teaching fleet. Additionally, Konecky has a keen interest in sailing and mentoring which will likely influence his direction after his internship in Seattle. During his apprenticeship, he supported himself in his off hours as crew on the Penobscot Bay pilot boat and worked with middle-schoolers in the Rockland After-School Alliance. He studied for his Able-Bodied Seaman certificate this past fall and is also exploring opportunities as a sailing instructor near his hometown of Brooklyn, NY.

The engine in our 1973 Ford Mustang would not start! The starter was working, but nothing else. The morning before it had been reluctant to start, but once it started and warmed up, all was well. This time, nothing, even with starting fluid. The area smelled as if the engine had flooded. Let everything ventilate and get the car to a mechanic. By the time the mechanic could get to the engine in the afternoon, it started right up! I am sure you have been there and experienced the same result.

The next morning he tried again and the engine would not start. He had installed new spark plugs and a wiring harness two weeks before and now this. Long story short, the new wire from the coil to the distributor had a bad internal connection. When it was cold, the metal separated and broke the electrical connection. If the engine was warm, the metal expanded and closed the connection. A quick fix and all worked as it should.

I bring this up as the marine environment is even harder on electrical connections than on-shore. And, if you run into the problem of no spark to the plug, it might be time to make sure the connectors and wire thereto are tight. In my case, the mechanic wiggled each wire and when he wiggled the one with the bad connection, the engine stopped.

While many people utilize Weather Underground for their weather information <<http://www.wunderground.com/>>, I have found two other web sites of use. Both are designed for the aviation community, but both have use for those on the water. The first one <<http://aviationweather.gov/adds/>>, gives me a variety of displays of weather information. The two most useful to the non-aviator is a display of the United States showing the weather pattern in terms of highs, lows, wind line and wind direction/strength. This display can be changed to show temperature. What I get is the current information and then I can go forward for the forecast for over 24 hours. The second display is for local and regional Doppler radar. I can see what is around me as well as what may be coming my way. Of course, in both the weather and temperature forecast, the information is the "best guess" at the time.

For relatively current (the time of the information is shown in the top bar) weather information and the local forecast for a given location take a look at: <[http://www.wrh.](http://www.wrh.noaa.gov/zoa/mwmap3.php?map=usa)



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

[noaa.gov/zoa/mwmap3.php?map=usa](http://www.noaa.gov/zoa/mwmap3.php?map=usa)>. This site is quite good as it is reporting what the local weather office is seeing at the time of the report. The display is color coded for each reporting location (see bottom of map for symbol definition) and, if you wish, you can look up the codes in the accompanying glossary regarding the forecast information.

I was reading an article on the Deep Submergence Vessel NR-1, which was an unique United States Navy nuclear-powered ocean engineering and research submarine. NR-1 was the smallest nuclear submarine ever put into operation. A section of the article caught my attention when it was noted that the crew burned chlorate candles to create oxygen. Further reading informed me that the "burn" was a chemical reaction that released oxygen as a by-product. Further research found that the process has been known since about 1620, when Cornelis J. Drebbel reportedly generated oxygen by heating nitre (potassium nitrate or sodium nitrate) in a metal pan to make it emit oxygen. That would also turn the nitrate into sodium or potassium oxide or hydroxide, which would tend to absorb carbon dioxide from the air around.

One of the problems with the current approach seems to be that the chemical reaction is usually exothermic, making the generator a potential fire hazard as the exterior temperature of the canister would reach from 260 °C (500 °F) to about 600 °C (1,112 °F) depending on the mixture used. Thermal decomposition releases the oxygen. The candle must be so wrapped in thermal insulation as to maintain the reaction temperature and to protect surrounding equipment. Further reading noted that the chlorate candle approach is what is used in aircraft to supply the passengers with oxygen if the cabin depressurizes (there have also been a couple of airplanes catch on fire when things went wrong with the system).

Water in the fuel is a problem for both gasoline and diesel engines. Rough seas can stir up the water (and other things in the fuel tank) and mix it with the fuel and cause problems. Another way to stir up the fuel is trailering a boat. Most people do not think about what start-and-stop driving (along with bumpy roads) can do to the fuel in the internal tank of a boat. Inertia moves the fuel around in the tanks quite nicely as the boat is towed.

I found out about the problem many years ago when we had a 16' powerboat with the fuel tank in the bow area. The water was not from condensation, rather it was from the tank vent under the bow flare (poor design in my opinion) that let water into the tank when going through waves. A little every so often adds up to enough to cause problems. I had trailered the boat from Tallahassee to Carrabelle to go out to Dog Island for a Power Squadron cruise and rendezvous. I launched the boat at Carrabelle and started out the river only to have problems, made it back to the dock where the fuel filter was checked by the mechanic on duty at the marina, and he found major water contamination! The only option was to pump out the tank.

We put the boat back on the trailer, used the CB to call those expecting us to say we were not coming, and headed back to Tallahassee. I might not have discovered the problem for some time, if I had not towed the boat a fairly long distance and stirred up the fuel quite thoroughly.

After I returned to Tallahassee with the boat and the bad fuel, I contacted the manufacturer about the problem. Their suggestion was to make sure the open portion of the vent was aimed aft as well as down and then noted that the boat had not been designed for the waters where I was using it. The boat was designed for rivers and medium sized lakes where wave action was minimal. This was a lesson in we need a boat designed for the waters it is on and that all boats do not do all things. Since the boat had a 165hp I/O for power and had been designed as a ski boat, I found someone interested in such a vessel, sold it to him (after cleaning things out) and went looking for a boat more suitable to the waters upon which it would be operating. At least, a couple of lessons learned from this experience to the good.

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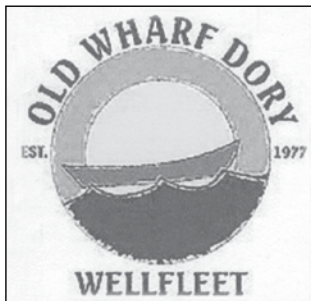
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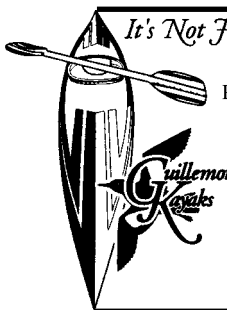
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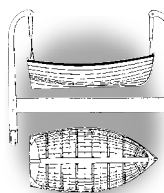
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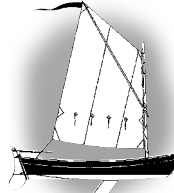
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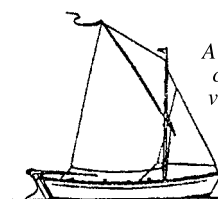


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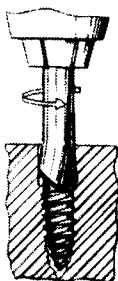
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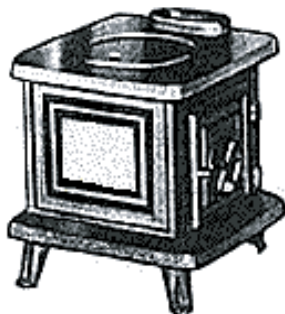
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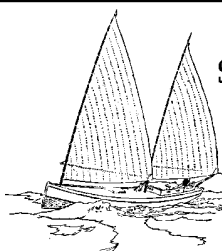
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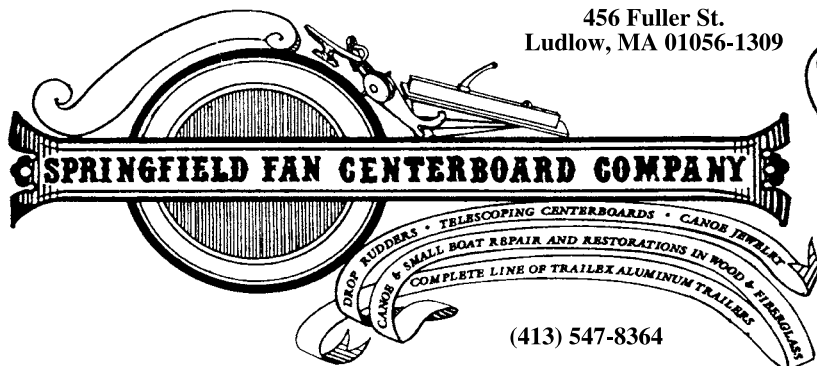


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